



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



25227.28

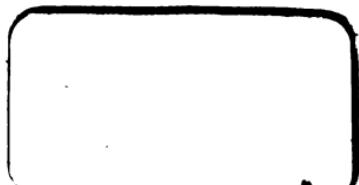


Harvard College Library

FROM

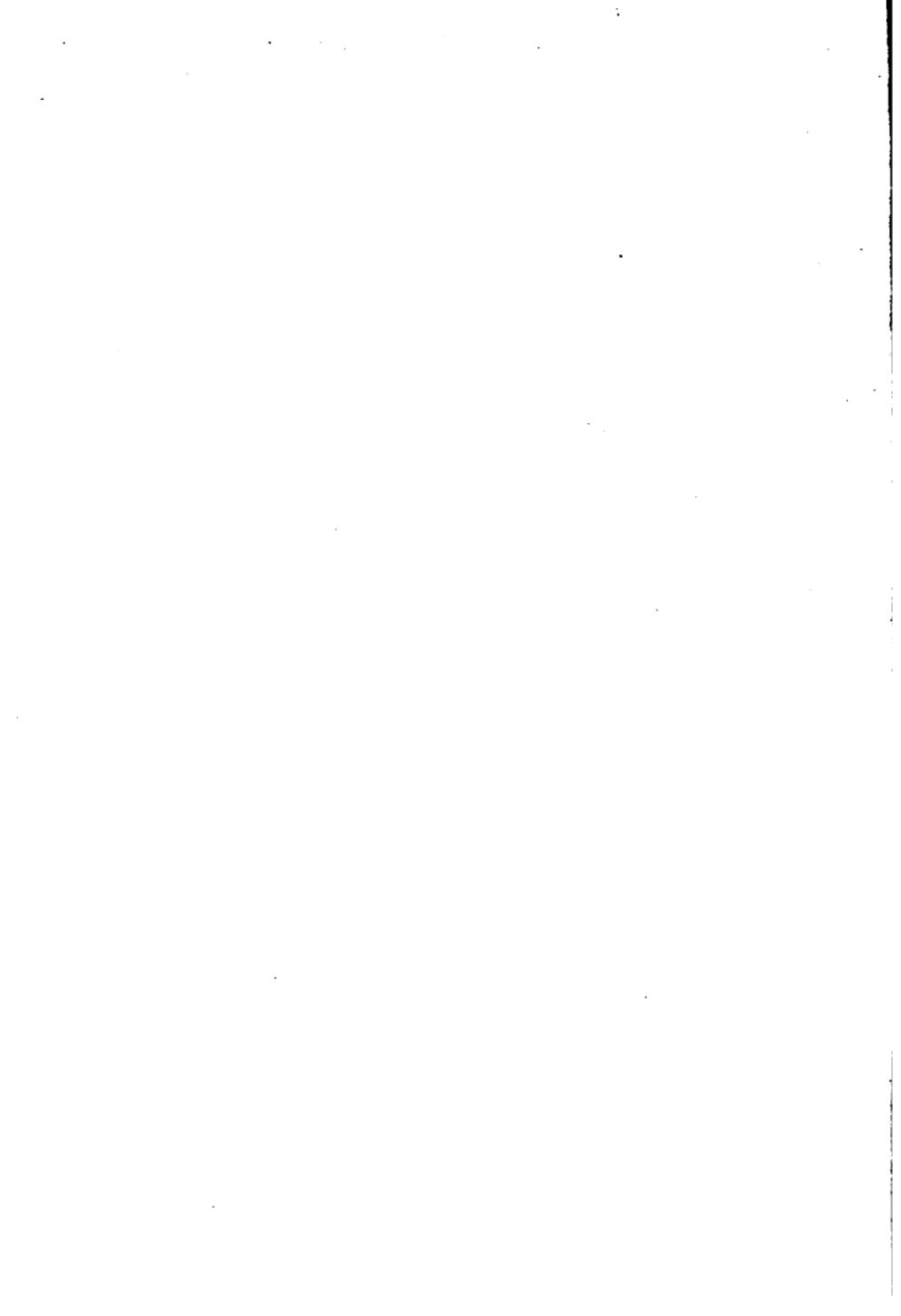
..... the Editor. ....

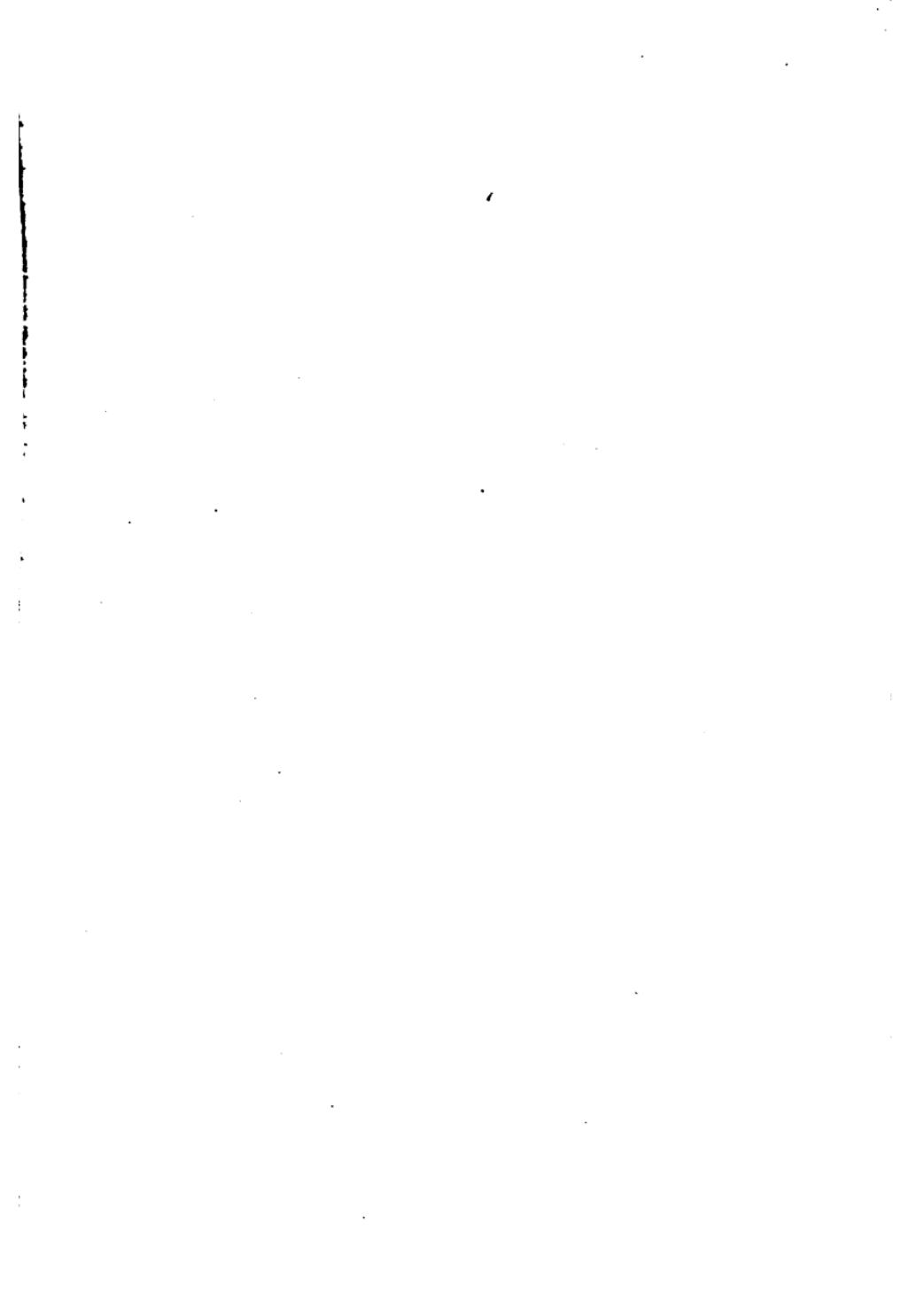
19 April, 1889.

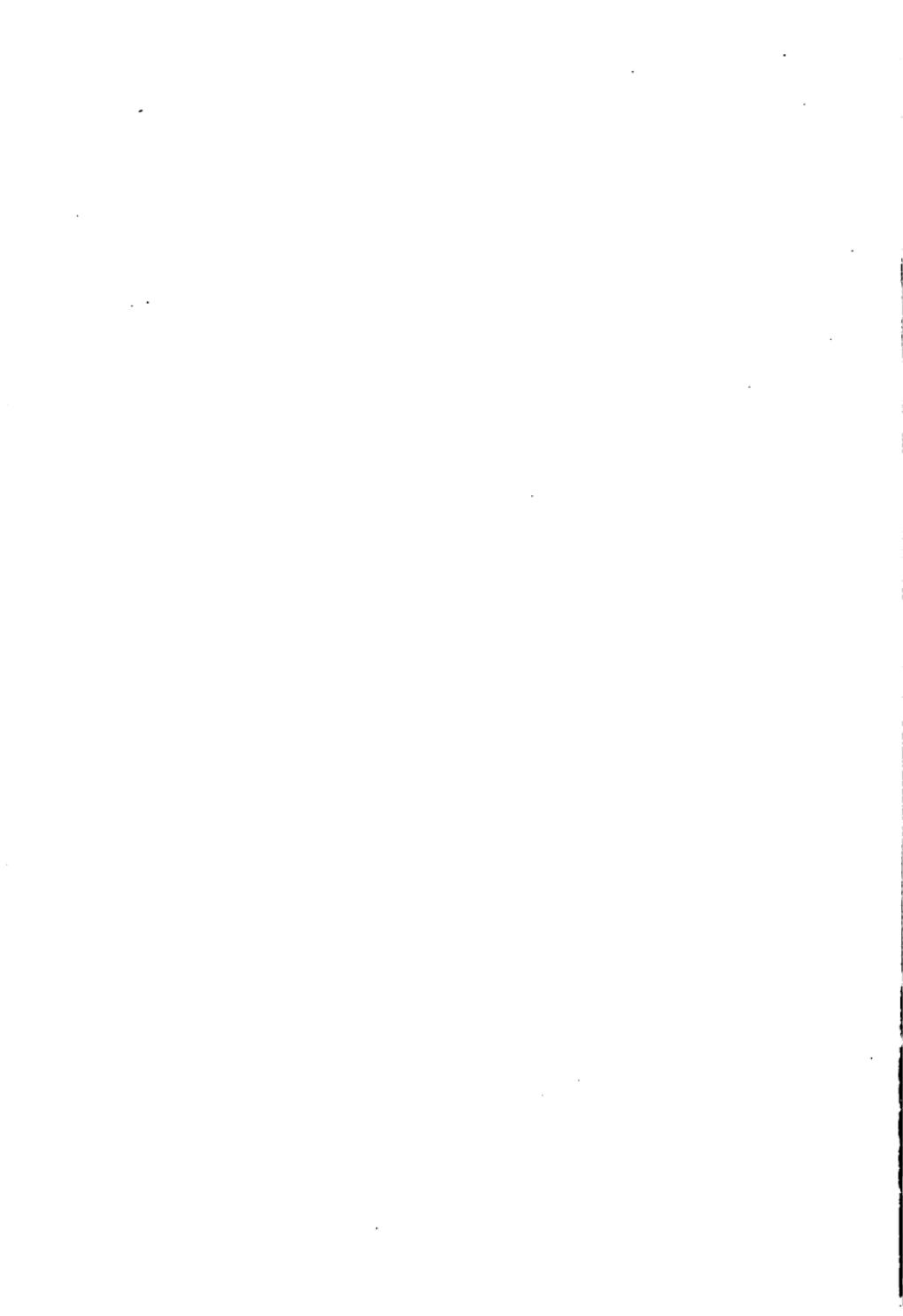


Library of Harvard  
College.

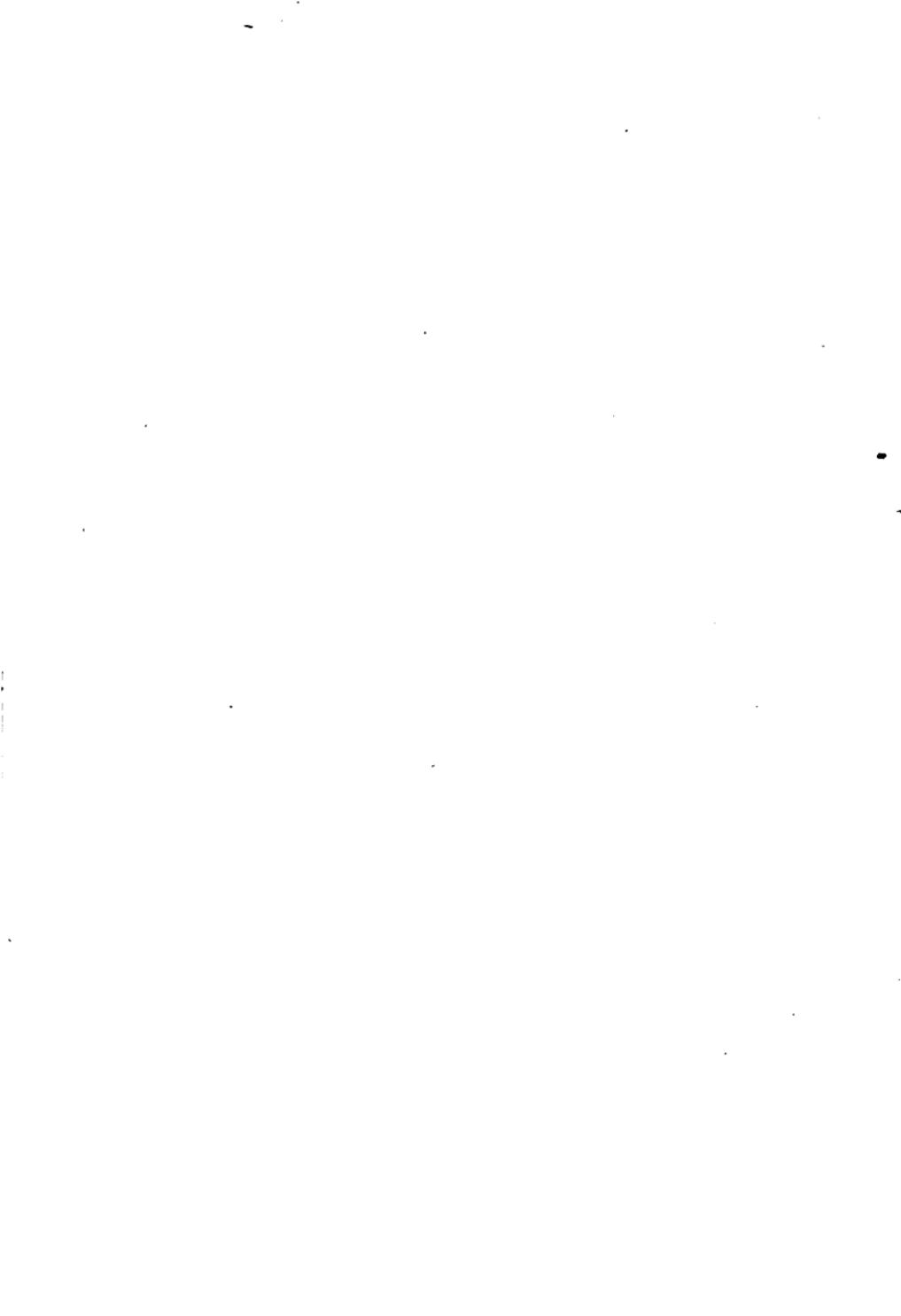
From  
W. J. Rose.















**"The Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights" (page 2).**

o Roche, William James.  
English Classics for School Reading.

o

# FAIRY TALES

IN PROSE AND VERSE.

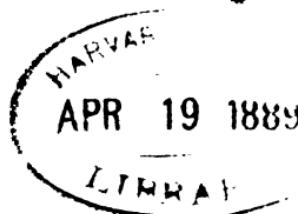
SELECTED FROM  
EARLY AND RECENT LITERATURE.

EDITED, WITH NOTES,  
*James* BY  
WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., LITT. D.

ILLUSTRATED.

NEW YORK:  
HARPER & BROTHERS, FRANKLIN SQUARE.  
1889.

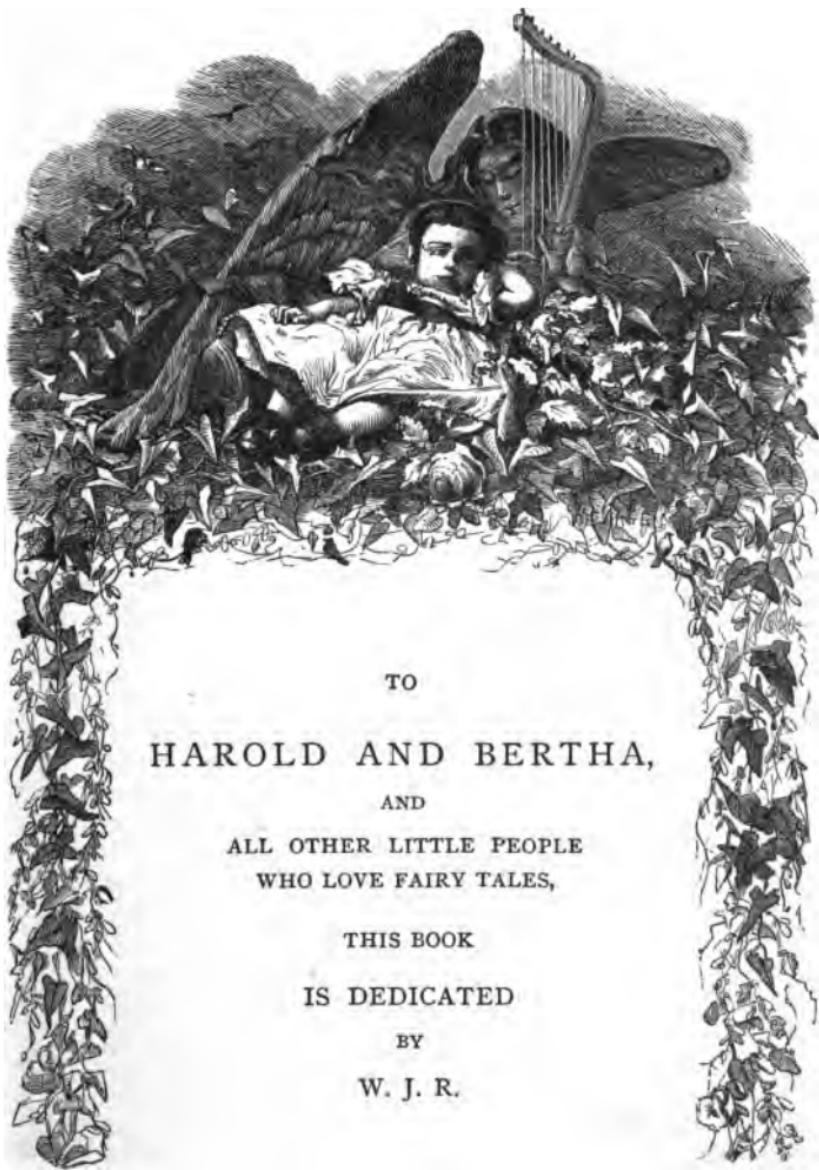
25227.28



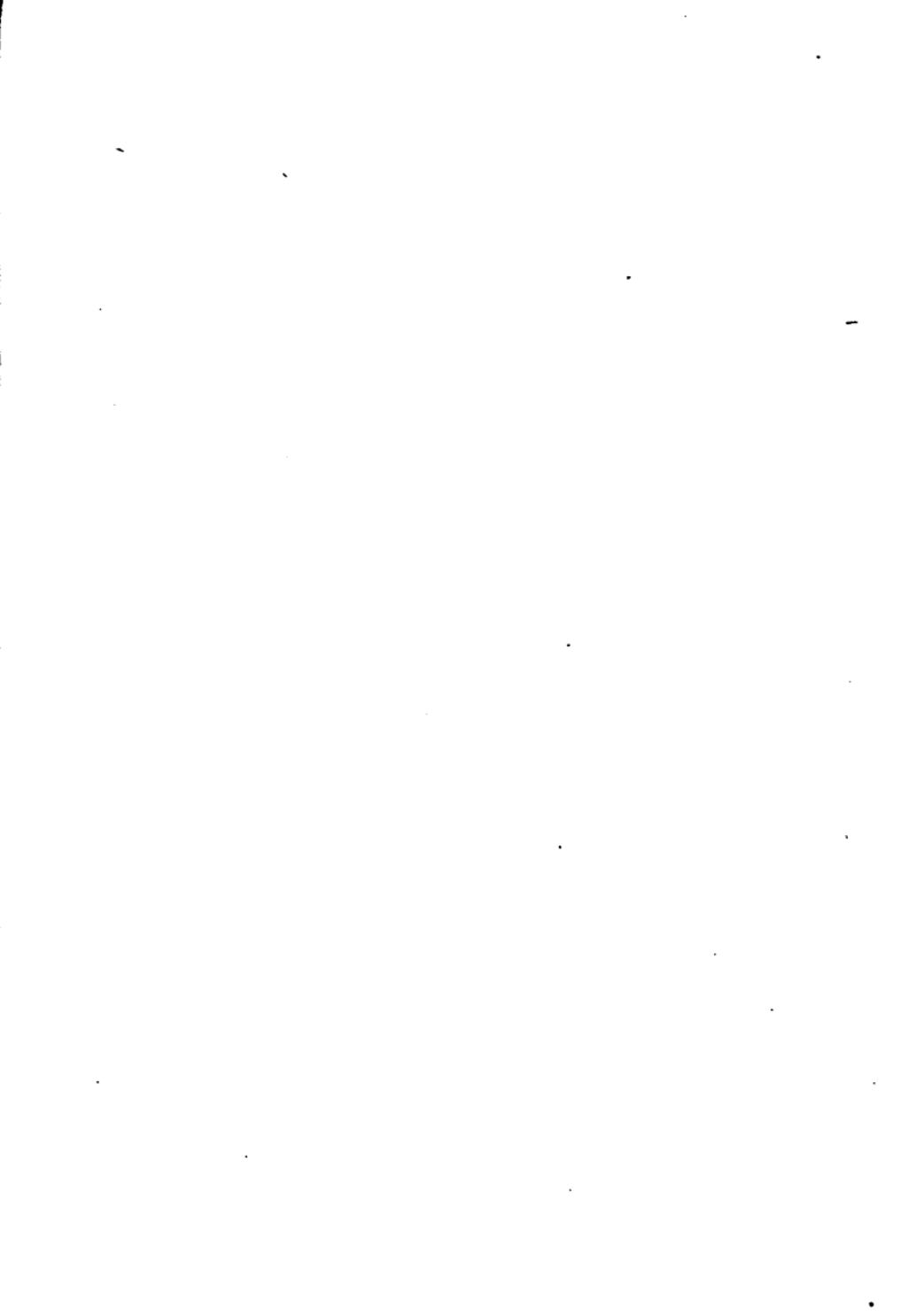
The Editor.

Copyright, 1889, by HARPER & BROTHERS.

*All rights reserved.*



TO  
HAROLD AND BERTHA,  
AND  
ALL OTHER LITTLE PEOPLE  
WHO LOVE FAIRY TALES,  
THIS BOOK  
IS DEDICATED  
BY  
W. J. R.



## P R E F A C E.

---

THE plan of this book is similar to that of the *Tales of Chivalry* and the *Tales from English History*, which have preceded it in the series ; but the selections are suited to a somewhat younger grade of pupils than those volumes were intended for. "My aim," as I said in a former preface, "is to edit certain selections from standard prose and poetry suited either for 'supplementary reading,' as it is called, or for elementary *study* in English literature. The brief footnotes under the text are perhaps all that some teachers will regard as necessary for the former purpose ; but I believe that the longer notes at the end of the book will be found more or less useful and suggestive for oral instruction in connection with the reading-lessons. These latter notes, however, are more especially designed for the other purpose I have mentioned—elementary *study* of language and literature. They have been prepared with much care, and I am confident that they will be perfectly intelligible to boys and girls in grammar schools and others of similar grade."

How I think the series should be used is explained in a little pamphlet of "Hints to Teachers," which may be obtained, post-free, from the publishers. The suggestions there given, and illustrated in detail by references to the notes in the two earlier volumes, are equally applicable to this book, with such slight modifications as the difference in the text obviously requires. As I have said in the pamphlet, many of the notes are intended for the teacher rather than the pupil ; and the proportion of these is somewhat greater in this volume than in the others.

Let me add here that I want all teachers who use the books to read the "Hints," in order that they may understand my *plan*, whether they follow it or not.

It will be seen that the selections are not arranged in the "pro-

gressive" order of a school "reader." If a piece like that from Tennyson (introduced mainly to show the poet's way of telling a story already familiar in prose) seems too difficult at that point for some pupils using the book, it can be left to the last, or omitted altogether. It has, however, been abridged with special reference to rendering it intelligible to young readers, and with proper help from the teacher I believe it will not be too hard for them.

As each volume of the series is intended to be complete in itself, a few definitions and explanations are repeated in each. The occasional references to notes on the same subject in the other books may be suggestive to the teacher, but are not necessary for the pupil.

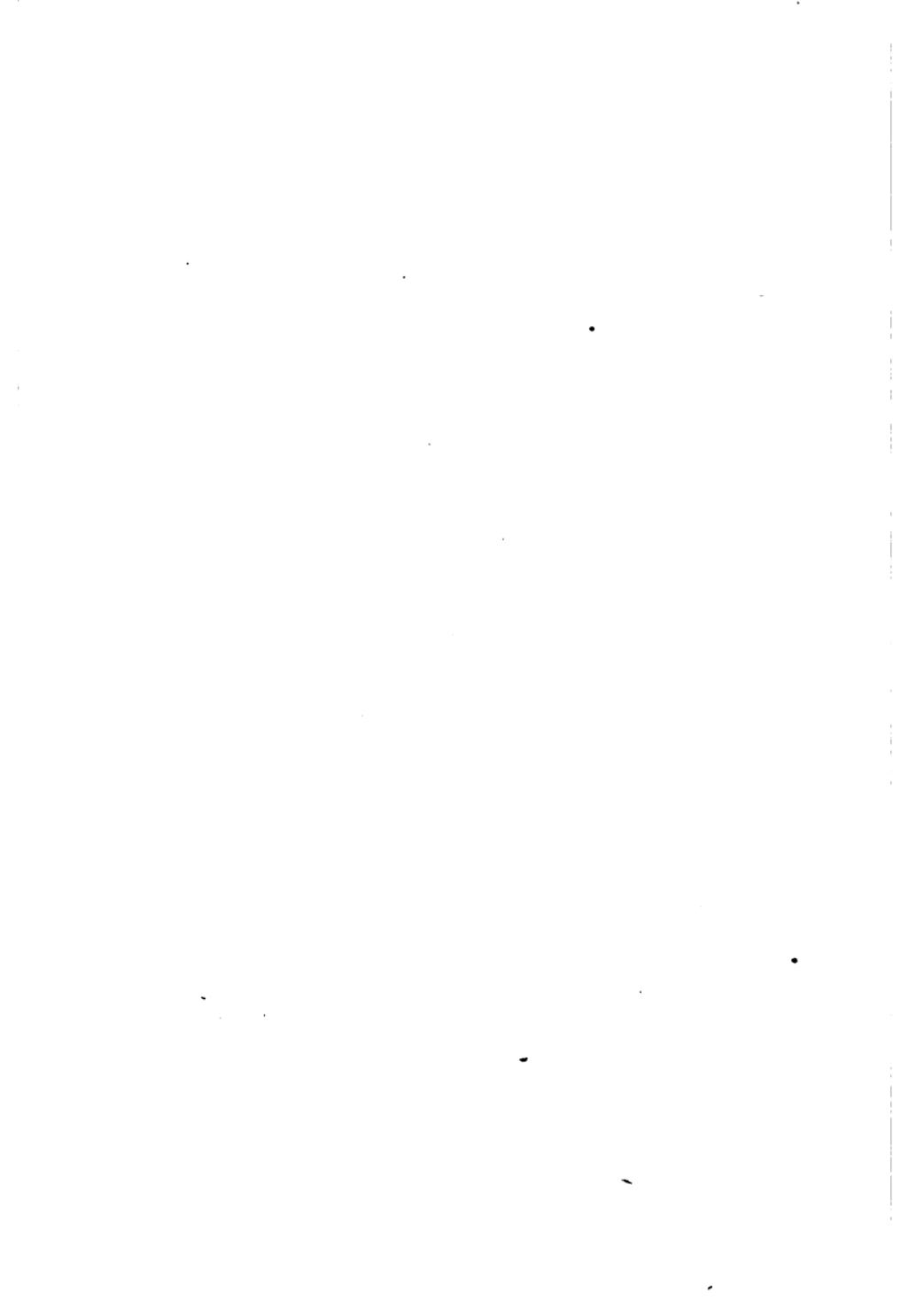
W. J. R.

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 21, 1889.

## C O N T E N T S.

---

	<i>Page</i>
THE FAIRIES ( <i>W. Allingham</i> ).....	1
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD ( <i>Miss Mulock</i> ) .....	4
THE SLEEPING BEAUTY ( <i>A. Tennyson</i> ).....	12
TOM THUMB ( <i>Miss Mulock</i> ).....	16
THE FAIRIES OF THE CALDON-LOW ( <i>M. Howitt</i> ),.....	25
THE FAIRY QUEEN ( <i>Anonymous</i> ).....	30
A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM ( <i>C. and M. Lamb</i> ).....	32
THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOODFELLOW ( <i>Anonymous</i> )	49
PRINCE CHERRY ( <i>Miss Mulock</i> ).....	53
QUEEN MAB ( <i>T. Hood</i> ).....	65
ARIEL'S SONG ( <i>W. Shakespeare</i> ) .....	67
THE FAIRY TEMPTER ( <i>S. Lover</i> ).....	68
THE PRINCE WITH THE NOSE ( <i>Miss Mulock</i> ).....	69
THE GREEN GNOME ( <i>R. Buchanan</i> ).....	78
THE HAUNTED SPRING ( <i>S. Lover</i> ).....	81
POUCINET ( <i>E. Laboulaye</i> ).....	83
THE GATHERING OF THE FAYS ( <i>J. R. Drake</i> ).....	108
O, WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS? ( <i>T. H. Bayly</i> )	111
THE FAIRY CRAWFISH ( <i>E. Laboulaye</i> ).....	113
A MAY SONG ( <i>M. A. Lathbury</i> ).....	137
A FAIRY TALE ( <i>J. McDermott</i> ) .....	138
NOTES.....	141





## FAIRY TALES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

---

### THE FAIRIES.

BY WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

UP the airy<sup>1</sup> mountain,  
Down the rushy<sup>2</sup> glen,  
We dare n't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;

<sup>1</sup> High in the air.

<sup>2</sup> Full of rushes, or reeds.

Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together,—  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather !

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home ;  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam ;  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits ;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkill<sup>1</sup> he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague<sup>2</sup> to Rosses ;  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights,  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.

They stole little Bridget,  
For seven years long ;  
When she came down again,  
Her friends were all gone.

<sup>1</sup> A glen in the northwestern part of Ireland.

<sup>2</sup> A mountain about five miles south of Columbkill.

<sup>3</sup> A district on the coast, twenty miles north of Columbkill.

They took her lightly back,  
 Between the night and morrow ;  
 They thought that she was fast asleep,      35  
 But she was dead with sorrow.

They have kept her ever since  
 Deep within the lakes,  
 On a bed of flag-leaves,  
 Watching till she wakes.      40

By the craggy hillside,  
 Through the mosses bare,  
 They have planted thorn-trees  
 For pleasure here and there.  
 Is any man so daring      45  
 As dig one up in spite,  
 He shall find the thornies<sup>1</sup> set  
 In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain,  
 Down the rushy glen,  
 We dare n't go a-hunting,      50  
 For fear of little men ;  
 Wee folk, good folk,  
 Trooping all together,—  
 Green jacket, red cap,  
 And white owl's feather !      55

<sup>1</sup> Thorns.





## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

FROM Miss MULOCK'S "FAIRY BOOK."

ONCE there was a royal couple who grieved excessively because they had no children. When at last, after long waiting, the queen presented her husband with a little daughter, his majesty showed his joy by giving a christening feast so grand that the like of it was never known. He invited all the fairies in the land—there were seven altogether—to stand godmothers to the little princess, hoping that each might bestow on her some good gift, as was the custom of good fairies in those days.

After the ceremony all the guests returned to the palace, where there was set before each fairy-godmother a magnificent covered dish, with an embroidered table-napkin, and a knife and fork of pure gold, studded with diamonds and rubies. But, alas! as they placed themselves at table, there entered an old fairy who had never been invited, because more than fifty years since she had left the king's dominion on a tour of pleasure, and had not been heard of until this day. His majesty, much troubled, desired a cover<sup>1</sup> to be placed for her, but it was of common delf,<sup>2</sup> for he had ordered from his jeweller only seven gold dishes for the seven fairies aforesaid. The elderly fairy thought herself neglected, and muttered angry menaces, which were overheard by one of the younger fairies, who chanced to sit beside her. This good godmother, afraid of harm to the pretty baby, hastened to hide herself behind the tapestry<sup>3</sup> in the hall. She did this because she wished all the others to speak first; so that if any ill gift were bestowed on the child she might be able to counteract it. 30

The six now offered their good wishes—which, unlike most wishes, were sure to come true. The fortunate little princess was to grow up the fairest woman in the world; to have a temper sweet as an angel; to be perfectly graceful and gracious; to sing like a nightingale; to dance like a leaf on a tree, and to possess every accomplishment under the sun. Then the old fairy's turn came. Shaking her head spitefully, she uttered the wish that when the baby grew up into a young lady, and learned to spin, she might prick her finger with the spindle and die of the wound. 40

<sup>1</sup> Covered dish.

<sup>2</sup> Earthen-ware.

<sup>3</sup> Figured cloth hung against the walls.

At this terrible prophecy all the guests shuddered, and some of the more tender-hearted began to weep. The lately happy parents were almost out of their wits with grief. Upon which the wise young fairy appeared from 45 behind the tapestry, saying, cheerfully, "Your majesties may comfort yourselves ; the princess shall not die. I have no power to alter the ill-fortune just wished her by my ancient sister—her finger must be pierced ; and she shall then sink, not into the sleep of death, but into a 50 sleep that will last a hundred years. After that time is ended the son of a king will find her, awaken her, and marry her."

Immediately all the fairies vanished.

The king, in the hope of avoiding his daughter's doom, 55 issued an edict<sup>1</sup> forbidding all persons to spin, and even to have spinning-wheels in their houses, on pain of instant death. But it was in vain. One day, when she was just fifteen years of age, the king and queen left their daughter alone in one of their castles, when, wandering about at her will, she came to an ancient donjon tower, climbed to the top of it, and there found a very old woman—so old and deaf that she had never heard of the king's edict—busy with her wheel.

"What are you doing, good old woman?" said the 65 princess.

"I'm spinning, my pretty child."

"Ah, how charming! Let me try if I can spin also."

She had no sooner taken up the spindle than, being lively and obstinate, she handled it so awkwardly and, 70 carelessly that the point pierced her finger. Though it was so small a wound, she fainted away at once, and dropped silently down on the floor. The poor frightened

<sup>1</sup> Decree, law.

old woman called for help ; shortly came the ladies in waiting, who tried every means to restore their young mis-<sup>75</sup> tress, but all their care was useless. She lay, beautiful as an angel, the color still lingering in her lips and cheeks ; her fair bosom softly stirred with her breath ; only her eyes were fast closed. When the king, her father, and the queen, her mother, beheld her thus they <sup>80</sup> knew regret was idle—all had happened as the cruel fairy meant. But they also knew that their daughter would not sleep forever, though after one hundred years it was not likely they would either of them behold her awakening. Until that happy hour should arrive they <sup>85</sup> determined to leave her in repose. They sent away all the physicians and attendants, and themselves sorrowfully laid her on a bed of embroidery, in the most elegant apartment of the palace. There she slept, and looked like a sleeping angel still. <sup>90</sup>

When this misfortune happened the kindly young fairy who had saved the princess by changing her sleep of death into this sleep of a hundred years was twelve thousand leagues away, in the kingdom of Mataquin.<sup>1</sup> But, being informed of everything, she arrived speedily, in a <sup>95</sup> chariot of fire drawn by dragons. The king was somewhat startled by the sight, but, nevertheless, went to the door of his palace, and, with a mournful countenance, presented her his hand to descend.

The fairy condoled with his majesty, and approved <sup>100</sup> of all he had done. Then, being a fairy of great common-sense and foresight, she suggested that the princess, awakening after a hundred years in this ancient castle, might be a good deal embarrassed, especially with a young prince by her side, to find herself alone. <sup>105</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *Mat'-a-quin*, a place to be found only in Fairyland.

Accordingly, without asking any one's leave, she touched with her magic wand the entire population of the palace, except the king and queen—governesses, ladies of honor,<sup>1</sup> waiting-maids, gentlemen ushers, cooks, kitchen-girls, pages, footmen—down to the horses that were in the stables and the grooms that attended them; she touched each and all. Nay, with kind consideration for the feelings of the princess, she even touched the little fat lapdog, Puffy, who had laid himself down beside his mistress on her splendid bed. He, like all the rest, fell fast asleep in a moment. The very spits that were before the kitchen-fire ceased turning, and the fire itself went out, and everything became as silent as if it were the middle of the night, or as if the palace were a palace of the dead.

120

The king and queen—having kissed their daughter and wept over her a little, but not much, she looked so sweet and content—departed from the castle, giving orders that it was to be approached no more. The command was unnecessary, for in one quarter of an hour <sup>125</sup> there sprung up around it a wood so thick and thorny that neither beasts nor men could attempt to penetrate there. Above this dense mass of forest could only be perceived the top of the high tower where the lovely princess slept.

130

A great many changes happen in a hundred years. The king, who never had a second child, died, and his throne passed into another royal family. So entirely was the story of the poor princess forgotten that, when the reigning king's son, being one day out hunting and <sup>135</sup> stopped in the chase by this formidable wood, inquired what wood it was, and what were those towers which he

<sup>1</sup> Attendants on the queen.

saw appearing out of the midst of it, no one could answer him. At length an old peasant was found who remembered having heard his grandfather say to his father that in this tower was a princess, beautiful as the day, who was doomed to sleep there for one hundred years, until awakened by a king's son, her destined bridegroom.

At this the young prince, who had the spirit of a hero,<sup>145</sup> determined to find out the truth for himself. Spurred on by both generosity and curiosity, he leaped from his horse and began to force his way through the thick wood. To his amazement the stiff branches all gave way, and the ugly thorns sheathed themselves of their own accord, and the brambles buried themselves in the earth to let him pass. This done, they closed behind him, allowing none of his suite to follow; but, ardent and young, he went boldly on alone. The first thing he saw was enough to smite him with fear. Bodies of men<sup>155</sup> and horses lay extended on the ground; but the men had faces, not death-white, but red as peonies, and beside them were glasses half filled with wine, showing that they had gone to sleep drinking. Next he entered a large court, paved with marble, where stood rows of<sup>160</sup> guards presenting arms, but motionless as if cut out of stone; then he passed through many chambers where gentlemen and ladies, all in the costume of the past century, slept at their ease, some standing, some sitting. The pages were lurking in corners, the ladies of honor<sup>165</sup> were stooping over their embroidery frames, or listening, apparently with polite attention, to the gentlemen of the court, but all were as silent as statues and as immovable. Their clothes, strange to say, were fresh and new as ever, and not a particle of dust or spider-web had<sup>170</sup>

gathered over the furniture, though it had not known a broom for a hundred years. Finally the astonished prince came to an inner chamber, where was the fairest sight his eyes had ever beheld.

A young girl of wonderful beauty lay asleep on an <sup>175</sup> embroidered bed, and she looked as if she had only just closed her eyes. Trembling, the prince approached and knelt beside her. Some say he kissed her, but as nobody saw it, and she never told, we cannot be quite sure of the fact. However, as the end of the enchantment <sup>180</sup> had come, the princess awakened at once, and, looking at him with eyes of the tenderest regard, said, drowsily, "Is it you, my prince? I have waited for you very long."

Charmed with these words, and still more with the tone in which they were uttered, the prince assured her <sup>185</sup> that he loved her more than his life. Nevertheless, he was the most embarrassed of the two; for, thanks to the kind fairy, the princess had plenty of time to dream of him during her century of slumber, while he had never even heard of her till an hour before. For a long time <sup>190</sup> did they sit conversing, and yet had not said half enough. Their only interruption was the little dog Puffy, who had awakened with his mistress, and now began to be exceedingly jealous that the princess did not notice him as much as she was wont to do. <sup>195</sup>

Meantime all the attendants, whose enchantment was also broken, not being in love, were ready to die of hunger after their fast of a hundred years. A lady of honor ventured to intimate that dinner was served; whereupon the prince handed his beloved princess at once to the <sup>200</sup> great hall. She did not wait to dress for dinner, being already perfectly and magnificently attired, though in a fashion somewhat out of date. However, her lover had

the politeness not to notice this, nor to remind her that she was dressed exactly like her royal grandmother,<sup>205</sup> whose portrait still hung on the palace walls.

During the banquet a concert took place by the attendant musicians, and, considering they had not touched their instruments for a century, they played extremely well. They ended with a wedding march; for that very evening the marriage of the prince and princess was celebrated, and though the bride was nearly one hundred years older than the bridegroom, it is remarkable that the fact would never have been discovered by any one unacquainted therewith.<sup>215</sup>

After a few days they went together out of the castle and enchanted wood, both of which immediately vanished, and were never more beheld by mortal eyes. The princess was restored to her ancestral kingdom, but it was not generally declared who she was, as during a hundred years people had grown so very much cleverer that nobody then living would ever have believed the story. So nothing was explained, and nobody presumed to ask any questions about her, for ought not a prince be able to marry whomsoever he pleases?<sup>225</sup>

Nor—whether or not the day of fairies was over—did the princess ever see anything further of her seven godmothers. She lived a long and happy life, like any other ordinary woman, and died at length, beloved, regretted, but, the prince being already no more, perfectly contented.<sup>230</sup>



## THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THE varying year with blade and sheaf  
Clothes and reclothes the happy plains ;  
Here rests the sap within the leaf,  
Here stays the blood along the veins.

\* \* \* \* \*

Here droops the banner on the tower,  
On the hall-hearths the festal fires,  
The peacock in his laurel bower,  
The parrot in his gilded wires.

5

Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs :  
In these, in those the life is stayed.  
The mantles from the golden pegs  
Droop sleepily : no sound is made,  
Not even of a gnat that sings.  
More like a picture seemeth all  
Than those old portraits of old kings,  
That watch the sleepers from the wall.

10

Here sits the butler with a flask  
Between his knees, half-drained ; and there  
The wrinkled steward at his task,  
The maid-of-honor blooming fair :  
The page has caught her hand in his ;  
Her lips are severed as to speak ;  
His own are pouted to a kiss ;  
The blush is fixed upon her cheek.

15

20

Till all the hundred summers pass, 25  
 The beams that through the oriel<sup>1</sup> shine  
 Make prisms<sup>2</sup> in every carven<sup>3</sup> glass  
 And beaker<sup>4</sup> brimmed with noble wine.  
 Each baron at the banquet sleeps,  
 Grave faces gathered in a ring. 30  
 His state the king reposing keeps.  
 He must have been a jovial king.

All round a hedge upshoots, and shows  
 At distance like a little wood ;  
 Thorns, ivies, woodbine, mistletoes, 35  
 And grapes with bunches red as blood ;  
 All creeping plants, a wall of green  
 Close-matted, bur and brake and briar,  
 And glimpsing<sup>5</sup> over these, just seen,  
 High up, the topmost palace spire. 40

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

Year after year unto her feet,  
 She lying on her couch alone,  
 Across the purple coverlet,  
 The maiden's jet-black hair has grown,  
 On either side her tranced<sup>6</sup> form 45  
 Forth streaming from a braid of pearl :  
 The slumberous light is rich and warm,  
 And moves not on the rounded curl.

\*      \*      \*      \*      \*

She sleeps : her breathings are not heard  
 In palace chambers far apart. 50  
 The fragrant tresses are not stirred  
 That lie upon her charmed<sup>7</sup> heart.

<sup>1</sup> Bay-window.<sup>2</sup> Prismatic or rainbow colors.<sup>3</sup> Carved, cut.    <sup>4</sup> Drinking-cup.    <sup>5</sup> Appearing by glimpses.<sup>6</sup> Entranced, enchanted ; a dissyllable here.<sup>7</sup> Enchanted ; a dissyllable.

She sleeps : on either hand upswells  
 The gold-fringed pillow lightly prest :  
 She sleeps, nor dreams, but ever dwells  
 A perfect form in perfect rest.

\* \* \* \* \*

He travels far from other skies—  
 His mantle glitters on the rocks—  
 A fairy prince, with joyful eyes,  
 And lighter-footed than the fox.  
 The bodies and the bones of those  
 That strove in other days to pass,  
 Are withered in the thorny close,<sup>1</sup>  
 Or scattered blanching<sup>2</sup> on the grass.

\* \* \* \* \*

He comes, scarce knowing what he seeks ;  
 He breaks the hedge ; he enters there ;  
 The color flies into his cheeks ;  
 He trusts to light on something fair :  
 For all his life the charm did talk  
 About his path, and hover near  
 With words of promise in his walk  
 And whispered voices at his ear.

\* \* \* \* \*

A touch, a kiss ! the charm was snapped.  
 There rose a noise of striking clocks,  
 And feet that ran, and doors that clapped,  
 And barking dogs, and crowing cocks ;  
 A fuller light illumined all,  
 A breeze through all the garden swept,  
 A sudden hubbub shook the hall,  
 And sixty feet the fountain leapt.<sup>3</sup>

55

60

65

70

75

80

<sup>1</sup> Enclosure.

<sup>2</sup> Bleaching, whitening.

<sup>3</sup> Another form of *leaped*.

The hedge broke in, the banner blew,  
 The butler drank, the steward scrawled,  
 The fire shot up, the martin flew,  
 - The parrot screamed, the peacock squalled,  
 The maid and page renewed their strife,

85

The palace banged and buzzed and clacked,  
 And all the long-pent stream of life  
 Dashed downward in a cataract.

And last with these the king awoke,  
 And in his chair himself upreared,  
 And yawned, and rubbed his face, and spoke,  
 "By holy rood,<sup>1</sup> a royal beard !  
 How say you ? we have slept, my lords.

90

My beard has grown into my lap."  
 The barons swore, with many words,  
 'T was but an after-dinner's nap.

95

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
 And on her lover's arm she leant,<sup>2</sup>  
 And round her waist she felt it fold,  
 And far across the hills they went  
 In that new world which is the old :  
 Across the hills, and far away  
 Beyond their utmost purple rim,  
 And deep into the dying day  
 The happy princess followed him.

100

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

<sup>1</sup> Cross.

<sup>2</sup> Another form of *leaned*.



## TOM THUMB.

FROM MISS MULOCK'S "FAIRY BOOK."

IN the days of King Arthur, Merlin, the most learned enchanter of his time, was on a journey ; and being very weary, stopped one day at the cottage of an honest ploughman to ask for refreshment. The ploughman's wife, with great civility, immediately brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some brown bread on a wooden platter. Merlin could not help observing that, although everything within the cottage was particularly neat and clean and in good order, the ploughman and his wife had the most sorrowful air imaginable: so he questioned them on the cause of their melancholy, and learned that they were very miserable because they had no children. The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest creature in the world if she had a son, although he were no bigger than his father's thumb. Merlin was much amused with the notion of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb ; and as soon as he returned home he sent for the queen of the fairies (with whom he was very intimate), and related to her the desire of the ploughman and his wife to have a son the size of his father's thumb. She liked the plan exceedingly, and declared their wish should be speedily granted. Accordingly the ploughman's wife had a son, who in a few minutes grew as tall as his father's thumb. The queen of the fairies came in at the window as the as

mother was sitting up in bed admiring the child. Her majesty kissed the infant, and, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, immediately summoned several fairies from Fairyland, to clothe her new little favorite:—

“An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown,  
His shirt it was by spiders spun :  
With doublet<sup>1</sup> wove of thistle-down,  
His trousers up with points<sup>2</sup> were done ;  
His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie  
With eye-lash plucked from his mother’s eye ;  
His shoes were made of a mouse’s skin,  
Nicely tanned with hair within.”

Tom was never any bigger than his father’s thumb, which was not a large thumb neither ; but as he grew older he became very cunning, for which his mother did not sufficiently correct him ; and by this ill quality he was often brought into difficulties. For instance, when he had learned to play with other boys for cherry-stones, and had lost all his own, he used to creep into the boys’ bags, fill his pockets, and come out again to play. But one day, as he was getting out of a bag of cherry-stones, the boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him.

“Ah, ha, my little Tom Thumb!” said he, “have I caught you at your bad tricks at last? Now I will reward you for thieving.” Then drawing the string tight round his neck, and shaking the bag, the cherry-stones bruised Tom’s legs, thighs, and body sadly ; which made him beg to be let out, and promise never to be guilty of such things any more.

Shortly afterwards Tom’s mother was making a batter-pudding, and, that he might see how she mixed it, he climbed on the edge of the bowl ; but his foot happen-

<sup>1</sup> Waistcoat.

<sup>2</sup> Laces, ties.

ing to slip, he fell over head and ears into the batter, and his mother, not observing him, stirred him into the pudding, and popped him into the pot to boil. The hot <sup>60</sup> water made Tom kick and struggle ; and his mother, seeing the pudding jump up and down in such a furious manner, thought it was bewitched ; and a tinker coming by just at the time, she quickly gave him the pudding ; he put it into his budget, and walked on. <sup>65</sup>

As soon as Tom could get the batter out of his mouth, he began to cry aloud, which so frightened the poor tinker that he flung the pudding over the hedge, and ran away from it as fast as he could. The pudding being broken to pieces by the fall, Tom was released, and <sup>70</sup> walked home to his mother, who gave him a kiss and put him to bed.

Tom Thumb's mother once took him with her when she went to milk the cow ; and it being a very windy day, she tied him with a needleful of thread to a thistle, that <sup>75</sup> he might not be blown away. The cow, liking his oak-leaf hat, took him and the thistle up at one mouthful. While the cow chewed the thistle, Tom, terrified at her great teeth, which seemed ready to crush him to pieces, roared, "Mother, mother!" as loud as he could bawl. <sup>80</sup>

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said the mother.

"Here, mother, here in the red cow's mouth."

The mother began to cry and wring her hands ; but the cow, surprised at such odd noises in her throat, <sup>85</sup> opened her mouth and let him drop out. His mother clapped him into her apron, and ran home with him. Tom's father made him a whip of a barley-straw to drive the cattle with, and being one day in the field he slipped into a deep furrow. A raven flying over picked him up <sup>90</sup>

with a grain of corn, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle by the seaside, where he left him ; and old Grumbo, the giant, coming soon after to walk upon his terrace, swallowed Tom like a pill, clothes and all. Tom presently made the giant very uncomfortable, and he <sup>95</sup> threw him up into the sea. A great fish then swallowed him. This fish was soon after caught, and sent as a present to King Arthur. When it was cut open, everybody was delighted with little Tom Thumb. The king made him his dwarf ; he was the favorite of the whole <sup>100</sup> court, and, by his merry pranks, often amused the queen and the knights of the Round Table. The king, when he rode on horseback, frequently took Tom in his hand ; and if a shower of rain came on, he used to creep into the king's waistcoat-pocket, and sleep till the rain was <sup>105</sup> over. The king also sometimes questioned Tom concerning his parents ; and when Tom informed his majesty they were very poor people, the king led him into his treasury, and told him he should pay his friends a visit, and take with him as much money as he could <sup>110</sup> carry. Tom procured a little purse, and putting a three-penny piece into it, with much labor and difficulty got it upon his back ; and after travelling two days and nights, arrived at his father's house. His mother met him at the door, almost tired to death, having in forty-eight <sup>115</sup> hours travelled almost half a mile with a huge silver threepence upon his back. Both his parents were glad to see him, especially when he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him. They placed him in a walnut-shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three <sup>120</sup> days upon a hazel-nut, which made him sick, for a whole nut usually served him for a month. Tom got well, but could not travel because it had rained : therefore his

mother took him in her hand, and with one puff blew him into King Arthur's court ; where Tom entertained <sup>125</sup> the king, queen, and nobility at tilts<sup>1</sup> and tournaments, at which he exerted himself so much that he brought on a fit of sickness, and his life was despaired of. At this juncture the queen of the fairies came in a chariot, drawn by flying mice, placed Tom by her side, and drove <sup>130</sup> through the air, without stopping till they arrived at her palace ; when, after restoring him to health and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversions of Fairyland, she commanded a fair wind, and, placing Tom before it, blew him straight to the court of King Arthur. But just as <sup>135</sup> Tom should have alighted in the courtyard of the palace, the cook happened to pass along with the king's great bowl of furmenty<sup>2</sup> (King Arthur loved furmenty), and poor Tom Thumb fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty into the cook's eyes. Down <sup>140</sup> went the bowl.

“ Oh dear ! oh dear ! ” cried Tom.

“ Murder ! murder ! ” bellowed the cook ; and away poured the king's nice furmenty into the kennel.<sup>3</sup>

The cook was a red-faced, cross fellow, and swore to <sup>145</sup> the king that Tom had done it out of mere mischief ; so he was taken up, tried, and sentenced to be beheaded. Tom hearing this dreadful sentence, and seeing a miller stand by with his mouth wide open, he took a good spring and jumped down the miller's throat, unperceived <sup>150</sup> by all, even by the miller himself.

Tom being lost, the court broke up, and away went the miller to his mill. But Tom did not leave him long

<sup>1</sup> These, like the *tournaments*, were military games and exercises.

<sup>2</sup> Hulled wheat boiled in milk and seasoned.

<sup>3</sup> Gutter.

at rest: he began to roll and tumble about, so that the miller thought himself bewitched, and sent for a doctor.<sup>155</sup> When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; the doctor was as much frightened as the miller, and sent in great haste for five more doctors and twenty learned men. While all these were debating upon the affair, the miller (for they were very tedious) happened<sup>160</sup> to yawn, and Tom, taking the opportunity, made another jump, and alighted on his feet in the middle of the table. The miller, provoked to be thus tormented by such a little creature, fell into a great passion, caught hold of Tom, and threw him out of the window into the river. A<sup>165</sup> large salmon swimming by snapped him up in a minute. The salmon was soon caught and sold in the market to a steward of a lord. The lord, thinking it an uncommon fine fish, made a present of it to the king, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open<sup>170</sup> the salmon, he found poor Tom, and ran with him directly to the king; but the king, being busy with state affairs, desired that he might be brought another day. The cook, resolving to keep him safely this time, as he had so lately given him the slip, clapped him into a<sup>175</sup> mouse-trap, and left him to amuse himself by peeping through the wires for a whole week. When the king sent for him, he forgave him for throwing down the furmenty, ordered him new clothes, and knighted him:—

“ His shirt was made of butterflies’ wings,  
His boots were made of chicken skins;  
His coat and breeches were made with pride:  
A tailor’s needle hung by his side;  
A mouse for a horse he used to ride.”<sup>180</sup>

Thus dressed and mounted, he rode a-hunting with<sup>185</sup> the king and nobility, who all laughed heartily at Tom

and his fine prancing steed. As they rode by a farm-house one day, a cat jumped from behind the door, seized the mouse and little Tom, and began to devour the mouse ; however, Tom boldly drew his sword and <sup>190</sup> attacked the cat, who then let him fall. The king and his nobles, seeing Tom falling, went to his assistance, and one of the lords caught him in his hat ; but poor Tom was sadly scratched, and his clothes were torn by the claws of the cat. In this condition he was carried <sup>195</sup> home, when a bed of down was made for him in a little ivory cabinet. The queen of the fairies came and took him again to Fairyland, where she kept him for some years ; and then, dressing him in bright green, sent him flying once more through the air to the earth, in the <sup>200</sup> days of King Thunstone. The people flocked from far and near to look at him ; and the king, before whom he was carried, asked him who he was, whence he came, and where he lived. Tom answered :

“ My name is Tom Thumb,  
From the fairies I come;  
When King Arthur shone,  
This court was my home.  
In me he delighted,  
By him I was knighted ;  
Did you ever hear of  
Sir Thomas Thumb ? ”

205

210

The king was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit on his table, and also a palace of gold a span high, <sup>215</sup> with a door an inch wide, for little Tom to live in. He also gave him a coach drawn by six small mice. This made the queen angry, because she had not a new coach too : therefore, resolving to ruin Tom, she complained

to the king that he had behaved very insolently to her. <sup>220</sup> The king sent for him in a rage. Tom, to escape his fury, crept into an empty snail-shell, and there lay till he was almost starved; when, peeping out of the hole, he saw a fine butterfly settle on the ground: he now ventured out, and getting astride, the butterfly took wing <sup>225</sup> and mounted into the air with little Tom on his back. Away he flew from field to field, from tree to tree, till at last he flew to the king's court. The king, queen, and nobles all strove to catch the butterfly, but could not. At length poor Tom, having neither bridle nor saddle, <sup>230</sup> slipped from his seat and fell into a watering-pot, where he was found almost drowned. The queen vowed he should be guillotined;<sup>1</sup> but while the guillotine was getting ready he was secured once more in a mouse-trap, when the cat, seeing something stir and supposing it to <sup>235</sup> be a mouse, patted the trap about till she broke it and set Tom at liberty. Soon afterwards a spider, taking him for a fly, made at him. Tom drew his sword and fought valiantly, but the spider's poisonous breath overcame him:—

240

“ He fell dead on the ground where late he had stood,  
And the spider sucked up the last drop of his blood.”

King Thunstone and his whole court went into mourning for little Tom Thumb. They buried him under a rosebush, and raised a nice white marble monument <sup>245</sup> over his grave, with the following epitaph:—

“ Here lies Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,  
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.  
He was well known in Arthur's court,  
Where he afforded gallant sport; ”

250

<sup>1</sup> Beheaded by the machine called a *guillotine*.

He rode at tilt and tournament,  
And on a mouse a-hunting went ;  
Alive he filled the court with mirth,  
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.  
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head,  
And cry, ' Alas ! Tom Thumb is dead.' "





CALDON-LOW.

## THE FAIRIES OF CALDON-LOW.

By MARY HOWITT.

“AND where have you been, my Mary,  
And where have you been from me?”  
“I’ve been to the top of the Caldon-Low,<sup>1</sup>  
The midsummer night to see.”

<sup>1</sup> A *low* is a small hill.

“ And what did you see, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon-Low?”

5

“ I saw the glad sunshine come down,  
And I saw the merry winds blow.”

“ And what did you hear, my Mary,  
All up on the Caldon-Hill?”

10

“ I heard the drops of the water form,  
And the ears of the green corn<sup>1</sup> fill.”

“ O, tell me all, my Mary,  
All, all that ever you know ;  
For you must have seen the fairies  
Last night on the Caldon-Low.”

15

“ Then take me on your knee, mother,  
And listen, mother of mine :  
A hundred fairies danced last night,  
And the harpers they were nine.

20

“ And the harp-strings rang right merrily,  
To their dancing feet so small ;  
But O, the sound of their talking  
Was merrier far than all !”

“ And what were the words, my Mary,  
That you heard the fairies say ?”

25

“ I ’ll tell you all, my mother,  
But let me have my way.

“ And some they played with the water,  
And rolled it down the hill :

30

‘ And this,’ they said, ‘ shall speedily turn  
The poor old miller’s mill ;

<sup>1</sup> Wheat.

“ ‘For there has been no water  
 Ever since the first of May,  
 And a busy man shall the miller be  
 By the dawning of the day.

“ ‘O, the miller, how he will laugh  
 When he sees the mill-dam rise !  
 The jolly old miller, how he will laugh,  
 Till the tears fill both of his eyes !’

“ And some they seized the little winds  
 That sounded over the hill,  
 And each put a horn unto his mouth  
 And blew it sharp and shrill :

“ ‘And there,’ they said, ‘ the merry winds go,  
 Away from every horn,  
 And they shall clear the mildew dank<sup>1</sup>  
 From the blind old widow’s corn.

“ ‘O, the poor blind old widow !  
 Though she has been poor so long,  
 She ’ll be blithe enough when the mildew’s gone,  
 And the corn stands tall and strong !’

“ And some they brought the brown linseed,  
 And flung it down from the Low :  
 ‘ And this,’ said they, ‘ by the sunrise,  
 In the weaver’s croft<sup>2</sup> shall grow.

“ ‘O, the poor lame weaver !  
 How he will laugh outright  
 When he sees his dwindling flax-field  
 All full of flowers by night !’

<sup>1</sup> Damp, moist.

<sup>2</sup> Meadow, field.

35

40

45

50

55

60

“ And then up spoke a brownie,  
 With a long beard on his chin :  
 ‘ I have spun up all the tow,’ said he,  
 ‘ And I want some more to spin.

“ ‘ I ’ve spun a piece of hempen cloth,  
 And I want to spin another—  
 A little sheet for Mary’s bed,  
 And an apron for her mother.’

“ And with that I could not help but laugh,  
 And I laughed out loud and free ;  
 And then on the top of the Caldon-Low  
 There was no one left but me.

“ And all on the top of the Caldon-Low  
 The mists were cold and gray,  
 And nothing I saw but the mossy stones  
 That round about me lay.

“ But coming down from the hill-top,  
 I heard afar below  
 How busy the jolly miller was,  
 And how the wheel did go.

“ And I peeped into the widow’s field,  
 And sure enough were seen  
 The yellow ears of the mildewed corn  
 All standing stout and green.

“ And down by the weaver’s croft I stole,  
 To see if the flax were sprung ;  
 And I met the weaver at his gate  
 With the good news on his tongue.

65

70

75

80

85

“Now this is all I heard, mother,  
And all that I did see ;  
So, prithee<sup>1</sup> make my bed, mother,  
For I’m tired as I can be !”

90

<sup>1</sup>I pray thee.



## THE FAIRY QUEEN.

COME, follow, follow me,  
You fairy elves that be,  
Which circle on the green,  
Come, follow Mab your queen,  
Hand in hand let 's dance around,  
For this place is fairy ground.

5

When mortals are at rest  
And snoring in their nest,  
Unheard and unespied,  
Through keyholes we do glide ;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

10

And if the house be foul  
With platter, dish, or bowl,  
Upstairs we nimbly creep,  
And find the sluts asleep :  
There we pinch their arms and thighs ;  
None escapes, nor none espies.

15

But if the house be swept  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly she is paid ;  
For we use before we go  
To drop a tester<sup>1</sup> in her shoe.

20

<sup>1</sup> Sixpence.

Upon a mushroom's head  
Our table-cloth we spread ;  
A grain of rye or wheat  
Is manchet<sup>1</sup> which we eat ;  
Pearly drops of dew we drink  
In acorn cups filled to the brink.

25

The brains of nightingales,  
With unctuous<sup>2</sup> fat of snails,  
Between two cockles<sup>3</sup> stewed,  
Is meat that's easily chewed ;  
Tails of worms and marrow of mice  
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

30

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly  
Serve for our minstrelsy ;<sup>4</sup>  
Grace said, we dance awhile,  
And so the time beguile :  
And if the moon doth hide her head,  
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

35

On tops of dewy grass  
So nimbly do we pass,  
The young and tender stalk  
Ne'er bends when we do walk ;  
Yet in the morning may be seen  
Where we the night before have been.

40

45

<sup>1</sup> A roll or cake of fine bread.

<sup>2</sup> Oily, greasy.

<sup>3</sup> Cockle-shells.

<sup>4</sup> Minstrels, musicians.





ATHENS.

## A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM LAMB'S "TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE."

THERE was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for on a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death. But as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus,<sup>1</sup> who actually did come before Theseus<sup>2</sup> (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens) to complain that his daughter Hermia,<sup>3</sup> whom he had commanded<sup>15</sup> to marry Demetrius,<sup>4</sup> a young man of a noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander.<sup>5</sup> Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter.<sup>20</sup>

Hermia pleaded, in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena,<sup>6</sup> and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command moved not the stern<sup>25</sup> Egeus.

Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it; and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry Demetrius,<sup>30</sup> she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give up him and marry Demetrius, or lose her life in four days.<sup>35</sup>

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but, recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries<sup>40</sup> of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to

<sup>1</sup> E-jē'-us.

<sup>2</sup> Thē'-se-ūs.

<sup>3</sup> Her'-mī-a.

<sup>4</sup> De-mē'-trī-ūs.

<sup>5</sup> Ly-san'-der.

<sup>6</sup> Hel'-e-na.

his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very <sup>so</sup> ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood; for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia. <sup>55</sup>

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies*.

Oberon,<sup>1</sup> the king, and Titania,<sup>2</sup> the queen, of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood <sup>60</sup> held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened at this time a sad disagreement: they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves <sup>65</sup> would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death <sup>70</sup> the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids

<sup>1</sup> O'-be-ron.

<sup>2</sup> Ti-tā'-nī-a.

of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy <sup>75</sup> courtiers.

"I'll met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsown<sup>1</sup> his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I <sup>80</sup> thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger.

85

"Well, go your way," said Oberon: "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy-councillor.

Puck (or, as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk; sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in <sup>95</sup> the vessel, in vain the dairy-maid would labor to change her cream into butter. Nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing-copper,<sup>2</sup> the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink some <sup>100</sup> comfortable<sup>3</sup> ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab,<sup>4</sup> and when some old goody was going to drink, he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating <sup>105</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Sworn to avoid.

<sup>2</sup> Kettle for brewing, or making beer.

<sup>3</sup> Comforting.

<sup>4</sup> Crab-apple.

herself to tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the gossips<sup>1</sup> would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted<sup>2</sup> a merrier hour.

“Come hither, Puck,” said Oberon to this little merry wanderer of the night; “fetch me the flower<sup>3</sup> which maids call ‘Love in Idleness.’ The juice of that little purple flower, laid on the eyelids of those who sleep, will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they <sup>110</sup> see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania, when she is asleep; and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion, or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take <sup>120</sup> this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page.”

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and <sup>125</sup> ran to seek the flower; and, while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the woods. He overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part and gentle expostulations from Helena, re- <sup>130</sup> minding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to true lovers, <sup>135</sup> felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleas-

<sup>1</sup> Old women.

<sup>2</sup> Spent.

<sup>3</sup> The pansy.

ant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, when Puck returned with the little purple <sup>140</sup> flower, Oberon said to his favorite, "Take a part of the flower. There has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing <sup>145</sup> he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously; and then Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to <sup>150</sup> rest. Her fairy bower was a bank where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enamelled<sup>1</sup> skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, <sup>155</sup> was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers<sup>2</sup> in the musk-rose-buds, and some wage war with the bats for their <sup>160</sup> leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not near me; but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song :

165

" You spotted snakes with double<sup>3</sup> tongue,  
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;  
 Newts<sup>4</sup> and blind-worms,<sup>5</sup> do no wrong,  
 Come not near our fairy queen.

<sup>1</sup> Glistening like enamel.

<sup>2</sup> Canker-worms.

<sup>3</sup> Forked.

<sup>4</sup> Lizards.

<sup>5</sup> Earth-worms.

Philomel,<sup>1</sup> with melody,  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.  
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh;  
 So, good-night with lullaby,"

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep with <sup>175</sup> this pretty lullaby, they left her, to perform the important services she had enjoined them. Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids, saying,

" What thou seest when thou dost wake, <sup>180</sup>  
 Do it for thy true-love take."

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape out of her father's house that night, to avoid the death she was doomed to for refusing to marry Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found her dear Lysander waiting <sup>185</sup> for her to conduct her to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear lady that had proved her affection for him even by hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to rest <sup>190</sup> till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying down himself on the ground at some little distance, they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep, and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion and that a <sup>195</sup> pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke: so, <sup>200</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Phil'-o-mel; the nightingale.

without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes ; and, strange to relate, so powerful was the love-<sup>205</sup> charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well ; but for poor <sup>210</sup> Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been <sup>215</sup> before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her ; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius ; and as she was wandering about, <sup>220</sup> dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. " Ah ! " said she, " this is Lysander lying on the ground. Is he dead or asleep ? " Then, gently touching him, she said, " Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the <sup>225</sup> love-charm beginning to work) immediately addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration ; telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake, and many more such lover-like speeches. <sup>230</sup> Helena, knowing Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this

manner; for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said she, "why <sup>235</sup> was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend, in this disdainful manner, to court me? I thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more <sup>240</sup> true gentleness."<sup>1</sup> Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not <sup>245</sup> knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime, Demetrius, not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learned, by some questions he <sup>250</sup> had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong person's eyes; and now, having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander <sup>255</sup> had done before, began to address love-speeches to her: and just at that moment, Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover), made his appearance; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking <sup>260</sup> together, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia were all in a plot together to make a jest of her.

265

<sup>1</sup> Gentlemanliness.

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena: she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest. The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell <sup>270</sup> to high words together.

“Unkind Hermia,” said Helena, “it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises; and your other lover, Demetrius, who used almost to spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me goddess, nymph, <sup>275</sup> rare, precious, and celestial? He would not speak thus to me whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your poor friend! Have you forgot our school-day friendship? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting <sup>280</sup> on one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler<sup>1</sup> wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted! Hermia, it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly, to join with men in <sup>285</sup> scorning your poor friend.”

“I am amazed at your passionate words,” said Hermia: “I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me.” “Ay, do,” returned Helena, “persevere; counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; <sup>290</sup> then wink at each other, and hold<sup>2</sup> the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus.”

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, <sup>295</sup> to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they

<sup>1</sup> Piece of embroidery.

<sup>2</sup> Keep.

departed, and once more wandered weary in the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with 300 little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?" "Believe me, king of shadows,"<sup>1</sup> answered Puck, "it was a mistake: did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I 305 am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling<sup>2</sup> makes excellent sport." "You heard," said Oberon, "that Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these quarrel- 310 some lovers so astray in the dark that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this till they are so weary they can go 315 no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes, he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she 320 loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck; and I will go and see what sweet-love my Titania has found."

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood and was like- 325 wise asleep, "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love;" and clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on

<sup>1</sup> Spirits.

<sup>2</sup> Quarrelling.



PUCK MISLEADING THE LOVERS.

very gently, it awakened him ; and rising up, unconscious <sup>330</sup> of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept.

“Ah! what angel is that I see ?” said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect. “Are you as wise as you are beau- <sup>335</sup> tiful ?”

“Why, mistress,” said the foolish clown, “if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn.”

“Out of the wood do not desire to go,” said the enam- <sup>340</sup>

oured<sup>1</sup> queen. "I am a spirit of no common rate.<sup>2</sup> I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you."

She then called four of her fairies ; their names were, Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

345

"Attend," said the queen, "upon this sweet gentleman ; hop in his walks, and gambol in his sight ; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me," said she to the clown, "and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, <sup>350</sup> my beautiful ass ; and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy !"

"Where is Pease-blossom ?" said the ass-headed clown ; not much regarding the fairy queen's courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

355

"Here, sir," said little Pease-blossom.

"Scratch my head," said the clown. "Where is Cobweb ?"

"Here, sir," said Cobweb.

"Good Mr. Cobweb," said the foolish clown, "kill me <sup>360</sup> the red humble-bee on the top of that thistle yonder ; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not ; I should be sorry to have you overflowed with a honey-bag. Where <sup>365</sup> is Mustard-seed ?"

"Here, sir," said Mustard-seed ; "what is your will ?"

"Nothing," said the clown, "good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch. I must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks <sup>370</sup> I am marvellous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have

<sup>1</sup> Loving.

<sup>2</sup> Rank.

<sup>3</sup> It seems to me.



THE CLOWN AND THE FAIRIES.

to eat? I have a venturous fairy shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried peas," said the <sup>375</sup> clown, who with his ass's head had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep."

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O, how I love you! How I dote upon <sup>380</sup> you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass. When he had teased her for some time, he again <sup>385</sup> demanded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgrace- <sup>390</sup> ful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her senses, and wondered at her late dotage,<sup>1</sup> saying how she now loathed the sight of the <sup>395</sup> strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly reconciled, <sup>400</sup> he related to her the history of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him, and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their

<sup>1</sup> Doting affection, foolish love.

fair ladies at no great distance from each other, sleeping 405 on a grass-plot ; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived, with the utmost diligence, to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other ; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander with the antidote<sup>1</sup> the fairy king gave to 410 him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him, and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered his reason 415 which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason his love for Hermia ; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering dream. 420

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake ; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive 425 were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer rivals, became once more true friends ; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present 430 situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, 435

<sup>1</sup> Remedy.

Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life ; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius. 445

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom. 450

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and 455 dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep ; and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless Midsummer-Night's Dream.



## THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

FROM PERCY'S "RELIQUES OF ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY."

FROM Oberon, in Fairyland,  
The king of ghosts and shadows there,  
Mad Robin I, at his command,  
Am sent to view the night-sports here.  
What revel rout  
Is kept about  
In every corner where I go,  
I will o'ersee,  
And merry be,  
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho !

More swift than lightning can I fly  
About the airy welkin <sup>1</sup> soon,  
And in a minute's space descry  
Each thing that's done below the moon.  
There's not a hag <sup>2</sup>  
Or ghost shall wag,  
Or cry "Ware <sup>3</sup> goblins!" where I go ;  
But Robin I  
Their feats will spy,  
And send them home, with ho, ho, ho !

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,  
As from their night-sports they trudge home,

<sup>1</sup> Sky.

<sup>2</sup> Witch.

<sup>3</sup> Beware of.

With counterfeiting voice I greet,  
 And call them on with me to roam  
 Through woods, through lakes,  
 Through bogs, through brakes ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Or else unseen with them I go,  
 All in the nick<sup>2</sup>  
 To play some trick,  
 And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho !

25

30

Sometimes I meet them like a man,  
 Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound ;  
 And to a horse I turn me can,  
 To trip and trot about them round ;  
 But if, to ride,  
 My back they stride,  
 More swift than wind away I go ;  
 O'er hedge and lands,  
 Through pools and ponds,  
 I whirry,<sup>3</sup> laughing ho, ho, ho !

35

40

Yet now and then, the maids to please,  
 At midnight I card up their wool ;  
 And while they sleep and take their ease,  
 With wheel to thread their flax I pull.  
 I grind at mill  
 Their malt up still ;  
 I dress their hemp, I spin their tow.  
 If any wake  
 And would me take,  
 I wend me,<sup>4</sup> laughing ho, ho, ho !

45

50

<sup>1</sup> Places overgrown with *brakes* (ferns), brambles, and the like.

<sup>2</sup> "In the nick of time," the moment it can be done.

<sup>3</sup> Hurry, whir away.

<sup>4</sup> Betake myself, go.

When any need to borrow aught,  
We lend them what they do require ;  
And for the use demand we nought—  
Our own is all we do desire.

If to repay 55  
They do delay,  
Abroad amongst them then I go ;  
And night by night  
I them affright  
With pinching, dreams, and ho, ho, ho ! 60

When lazy queans<sup>1</sup> have nought to do  
But study how to cog<sup>2</sup> and lie,  
To make debate<sup>3</sup> and mischief too  
'Twixt one another secretly,  
I mark their gloze,<sup>4</sup> 65  
And it disclose  
To them whom they have wronged<sup>5</sup> so.  
When I have done  
I get me gone,  
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho ! 70

When men do traps and engines<sup>6</sup> set  
In loopholes, where the vermin creep,  
Who from their folds and houses get  
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep,  
I spy the gin,<sup>7</sup> 75  
And enter in,  
And seem a vermin taken so ;  
But when they there  
Approach me near,  
I leap out, laughing ho, ho, ho ! 80

<sup>1</sup> Sluts.

<sup>2</sup> Cheat.

<sup>3</sup> Dispute, contention.

<sup>4</sup> Deceit.

<sup>5</sup> A dissyllable here.

<sup>6</sup> Snares.

<sup>7</sup> Trap.

By wells and rills, in meadows green,  
We nightly dance our heyday<sup>1</sup> guise ;<sup>2</sup>  
And to our fairy king and queen  
We chaunt<sup>3</sup> our moonlight minstrelsies.

When larks gin<sup>4</sup> sing  
Away we fling,  
And babes new-born steal as we go ;  
An elf in bed  
We leave instead,  
And wend us, laughing ho, ho, ho !

85

90

From hag-bred<sup>5</sup> Merlin's time have I  
Thus nightly revelled to and fro ;  
And for my pranks men call me by  
The name of Robin Good-Fellow.<sup>6</sup>  
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites  
Who haunt the nights,  
The hags and goblins, do me know ;  
And beldams<sup>7</sup> old  
My feats h'ave told—  
So vale,<sup>8</sup> vale ! Ho, ho, ho !

95

100

<sup>1</sup> Merry, frolicsome.

<sup>2</sup> Manner.

<sup>3</sup> Chant, sing.

<sup>4</sup> Begin (to).

<sup>5</sup> Born of a *hag*, or witch.

<sup>6</sup> Accented on the last syllable here.

<sup>7</sup> Old women, hags.

<sup>8</sup> *Vd-lē*; Latin for farewell.



## PRINCE CHERRY.

FROM MISS MULOCK'S "FAIRY BOOK."

LONG ago there lived a monarch, who was such a very honest man that his subjects entitled him the Good King. One day when he was out hunting, a little white rabbit, which had been half killed by his hounds, leaped right into his majesty's arms. Said he, caressing it :  
"This poor creature has put itself under my protection, and I will allow no one to injure it." So he carried it to his palace, had prepared for it a neat little rabbit-hutch,<sup>1</sup> with abundance of the daintiest food, such as rabbits love, and there he left it.

The same night, when he was alone in his chamber, there appeared to him a beautiful lady. She was dressed neither in gold nor silver nor brocade ; but her flowing robes were white as snow, and she wore a garland of white roses on her head. The Good King was greatly astonished at the sight, for his door was locked, and he wondered how so dazzling a lady could possibly enter ; but she soon removed his doubts.

"I am the Fairy Candide,"<sup>2</sup> said she, with a smiling and gracious air. "Passing through the wood, where you were hunting, I took a desire to know if you were as good as men say you are. I therefore changed myself into a white rabbit, and took refuge in your arms. You saved me ; and now I know that those who are

<sup>1</sup> Box or pen for rabbits.

<sup>2</sup> Căñ'-deed.

merciful to dumb beasts will be ten times more so to <sup>25</sup> human beings. You merit the name your subjects give you: you are the Good King. I thank you for your protection, and shall be always one of your best friends. You have but to say what you most desire, and I promise you your wish shall be granted." <sup>30</sup>

"Madam," replied the king, "if you are a fairy, you must know, without my telling you, the wish of my heart. I have one well-beloved son, Prince Cherry: whatever kindly feeling you have towards me, extend it to him."

"Willingly," said Candide. "I will make him the <sup>35</sup> handsomest, richest, or most powerful prince in the world: choose whichever you desire for him."

"None of the three," returned the father. "I only wish him to be good—the best prince in the whole world. Of what use would riches, power, or beauty be to him if <sup>40</sup> he were a bad man?"

"You are right," said the fairy; "but I cannot make him good: he must do that himself. I can only change his external fortunes; for his personal character, the utmost I can promise is to give him good counsel, reprove <sup>45</sup> him for his faults, and even punish him, if he will not punish himself. You mortals can do the same with your children."

"Ah, yes!" said the king, sighing. Still, he felt that the kindness of a fairy was something gained for his son, <sup>50</sup> and died not long after, content and at peace.

Prince Cherry mourned deeply, for he dearly loved his father, and would have gladly given all his kingdoms and treasures to keep him in life a little longer. Two days after the Good King was no more, Prince Cherry <sup>55</sup> was sleeping in his chamber, when he saw the same dazzling vision of the Fairy Candide.

"I promised your father," said she, "to be your best friend, and in pledge of this take what I now give you," and she placed a small gold ring upon his finger. "Poor <sup>60</sup> as it looks, it is more precious than diamonds; for whenever you do ill it will prick your finger. If after that warning you still continue in evil, you will lose my friendship, and I shall become your direst enemy."

So saying she disappeared, leaving Cherry in such <sup>65</sup> amazement that he would have believed it all a dream, save for the ring on his finger.

He was for a long time so good that the ring never pricked him at all; and this made him so cheerful and pleasant in his humor that everybody called him "Happy Prince Cherry." But one unlucky day he was out hunting and found no sport, which vexed him so much that he showed his ill temper by his looks and ways. He fancied his ring felt very tight and uncomfortable, but as it did not prick him, he took no heed of this; un-<sup>75</sup>til, re-entering his palace, his little pet dog, Bibi,<sup>1</sup> jumped up upon him, and was sharply told to get away. The creature, accustomed to nothing but caresses, tried to attract his attention by pulling at his garments, when Prince Cherry turned and gave it a severe kick. At <sup>80</sup> this moment he felt in his finger a prick like a pin.

"What nonsense!" said he to himself. "The fairy must be making game of me. Why, what great evil have I done! I, the master of a great empire, cannot I kick my own dog?"

85

A voice replied, or else Prince Cherry imagined it, "No, sire; the master of a great empire has a right to do good, but not evil. I—a fairy—am as much above you as you are above your dog. I might punish you,

<sup>1</sup> Bē'-bē.

kill you, if I chose ; but I prefer leaving you to amend <sup>99</sup> your ways. You have been guilty of three faults to-day —bad temper, passion, cruelty: do better to-morrow."

The prince promised, and kept his word awhile ; but he had been brought up by a foolish nurse, who indulged him in every way, and was always telling him that he <sup>95</sup> would be a king one day, when he might do as he liked in all things. He found out now that even a king cannot always do that ; it vexed him, and made him angry. His ring began to prick him so often that his little finger was continually bleeding. He disliked this, as was natural, and soon began to consider whether it would not be easier to throw the ring away altogether than to be constantly annoyed by it. It was such a queer thing for a king to have always a spot of blood on his finger ! At last, unable to put up with it any more, he took his <sup>105</sup> ring off, and hid it where he would never see it ; and believed himself the happiest of men, for he could now do exactly what he liked. He did it, and became every day more and more miserable.

One day he saw a young girl, so beautiful that, being <sup>110</sup> always accustomed to have his own way, he immediately determined to espouse<sup>1</sup> her. He never doubted that she would be only too glad to be made a queen, for she was very poor. But Zelia<sup>2</sup>—that was her name—answered, to his great astonishment, that she would rather not <sup>115</sup> marry him.

" Do I displease you ?" asked the prince, into whose mind it had never entered that he could displease anybody.

" Not at all, my prince," said the honest peasant-<sup>120</sup> maiden. " You are very handsome, very charming ; but

<sup>1</sup> Marry.

<sup>2</sup> Zē'-li-a.

you are not like your father the Good King. I will not be your queen, for you would make me miserable."

At these words the prince's love seemed all to turn to hatred ; he gave orders to his guards to convey Zelia <sup>125</sup> to a prison near the palace, and then took counsel with his foster-brother, the one of all his ill companions who most incited him to do wrong.

"Sir," said this man, "if I were in your majesty's place, I would never vex myself about a poor silly girl. <sup>130</sup> Feed her on bread and water till she comes to her senses ; and if she still refuses you, let her die in torment, as a warning to your other subjects should they venture to dispute your will. You will be disgraced should you suffer yourself to be conquered by a simple <sup>135</sup> girl."

"But," said Prince Cherry, "shall I not be disgraced if I harm a creature so perfectly innocent?"

"No one is innocent who disputes your majesty's authority," said the courtier, bowing ; "and it is better to <sup>140</sup> commit an injustice than allow it to be supposed you can ever be contradicted with impunity."

This touched Cherry on his weak point—his good impulses faded ; he resolved once more to ask Zelia if she would marry him, and, if she again refused, to sell her <sup>145</sup> as a slave. Arrived at the cell in which she was confined, what was his astonishment to find her gone ! He knew not whom to accuse, for he had kept the key in his pocket the whole time. At last, the foster-brother suggested that the escape of Zelia might have been con- <sup>150</sup> trived by an old man, Suliman<sup>1</sup> by name, the prince's former tutor, who was the only one who now ventured to blame him for anything that he did. Cherry sent im-

<sup>1</sup> Sū'-lī-mān.

mediately, and ordered his old friend to be brought to him, loaded heavily with irons. Then, full of fury, he <sup>155</sup> went and shut himself up in his own chamber, where he went raging to and fro, till startled by a noise like a clap of thunder. The Fairy Candide stood before him.

“Prince,” said she, in a severe voice, “I promised your father to give you good counsels, and to punish you <sup>160</sup> if you refused to follow them. My counsels were forgotten, my punishments despised. Under the figure of a man, you have been no better than the beasts you chase: like a lion in fury, a wolf in gluttony, a serpent in revenge, and a bull in brutality. Take, therefore, in <sup>165</sup> your new form the likeness of all these animals.”

Scarcely had Prince Cherry heard these words, than to his horror he found himself transformed into what the fairy had named. He was a creature with the head of a lion, the horns of a bull, the feet of a wolf, and the tail <sup>170</sup> of a serpent. At the same time he felt himself transported to a distant forest, where, standing on the bank of a stream, he saw reflected in the water his own frightful shape, and heard a voice saying:

“Look at thyself, and know thy soul has become a <sup>175</sup> thousand times uglier even than thy body.”

Cherry recognized the voice of Candide, and in his rage would have sprung upon her and devoured her; but he saw nothing, and the same voice said behind him:

“Cease thy feeble fury, and learn to conquer thy pride by being in submission to thine own subjects.”

Hearing no more, he soon quitted the stream, hoping at least to get rid of the sight of himself; but he had scarcely gone twenty paces when he tumbled into a pit-<sup>185</sup> fall that was laid to catch bears. The bear-hunters, de-

scending from some trees hard by, caught him, chained him, and, only too delighted to get hold of such a curious-looking animal, led him along with them to the capital of his own kingdom. 190

There great rejoicings were taking place, and the bear-hunters, asking what it was all about, were told that it was because Prince Cherry, the torment of his subjects, had just been struck dead by a thunderbolt—just punishment of all his crimes. Four courtiers, his wicked 195 companions, had wished to divide his throne among them; but the people had risen up against them, and offered the crown to Suliman, the old tutor whom Cherry had ordered to be arrested.

All this the poor monster heard. He even saw Suliman sitting upon his own throne, and trying to calm the populace by representing to them that it was not certain Prince Cherry was dead; that he might return one day to reassume with honor the crown which Suliman only consented to wear as a sort of viceroy. 200

“I know his heart,” said the honest and faithful old man; “it is tainted, but not corrupt. If alive, he may reform yet, and be all his father over again to you, his people, whom he has caused to suffer so much.” 205

These words touched the poor beast so deeply that 210 he ceased to beat himself against the iron bars of the cage in which the hunters carried him about, became gentle as a lamb, and suffered himself to be taken quietly to a menagerie, where were kept all sorts of strange and ferocious animals—a place which he had himself often 215 visited as a boy, but never thought he should be shut up there himself.

However, he owned he had deserved it all, and began

<sup>1</sup> One who acts in place of a king.

to make amends by showing himself very obedient to his keeper. This man was almost as great a brute as the <sup>220</sup> animals he had charge of, and when he was in ill-humor he used to beat them without rhyme or reason. One day, while he was sleeping, a tiger broke loose and leaped upon him, eager to devour him. Cherry at first felt a thrill of pleasure at the thought of being revenged ; <sup>225</sup> then, seeing how helpless the man was, he wished himself free, that he might defend him. Immediately the doors of his cage opened. The keeper, waking up, saw the strange beast leap out, and imagined, of course, that he was going to be slain at once. Instead, he saw the <sup>230</sup> tiger lying dead, and the strange beast creeping up and laying itself at his feet to be caressed. But as he lifted up his hand to stroke it, a voice was heard saying, "Good actions never go unrewarded ;" and, instead of the frightful monster, there crouched on the ground nothing but a <sup>235</sup> pretty little dog.

Cherry, delighted to find himself thus transformed, caressed the keeper in every possible way, till at last the man took him up into his arms and carried him to the king, to whom he related this wonderful story from be- <sup>240</sup> ginning to end. The queen wished to have the charming little dog ; and Cherry would have been exceedingly happy, could he have forgotten that he was originally a man and a king. He was lodged most elegantly, had the richest of collars to adorn his neck, and heard him- <sup>245</sup> self praised continually. But his beauty rather brought him into trouble, for the queen, afraid lest he might grow too large for a pet, took advice of dog-doctors, who ordered that he should be fed entirely upon bread, and that very sparingly ; so poor Cherry was sometimes <sup>250</sup> nearly starved.

One day, when they gave him his crust for breakfast, a fancy seized him to go and eat it in the palace-garden ; so he took the bread in his mouth, and trotted away towards a stream which he knew, and where he sometimes <sup>255</sup> stopped to drink. But instead of the stream he saw a splendid palace, glittering with gold and precious stones. Entering the doors was a crowd of men and women, magnificently dressed ; and within there was singing and dancing, and good cheer of all sorts. Yet, however grand- <sup>260</sup> ly and gayly the people went in, Cherry noticed that those who came out were pale, thin, ragged, half-naked, covered with wounds and sores. Some of them dropped dead at once ; others dragged themselves on a little way and then lay down, dying of hunger, and vainly begged a <sup>265</sup> morsel of bread from others who were entering in—who never took the least notice of them.

Cherry perceived one woman, who was trying feebly to gather and eat some green herbs. “ Poor thing ! ” said he to himself ; “ I know what it is to be hungry, and I <sup>270</sup> want my breakfast badly enough ; but still it will not kill me to wait till dinner-time, and my crust may save the life of this poor woman.”

So the little dog ran up to her, and dropped his bread at her feet ; she picked it up, and ate it with avidity.<sup>1</sup> <sup>275</sup> Soon she looked quite recovered, and Cherry, delighted, was trotting back again to his kennel, when he heard loud cries, and saw a young girl dragged by four men to the door of the palace, which they were trying to compel her to enter. O, how he wished himself a monster again, <sup>280</sup> as when he slew the tiger ! for the young girl was no other than his beloved Zelia. Alas ! what could a poor little dog do to defend her ? But he ran forward and

<sup>1</sup> Eagerness.

barked at the men and bit their heels, until at last they chased him away with heavy blows. And then he lay <sup>285</sup> down outside the palace-door, determined to watch and see what had become of Zelia.

Conscience pricked him now. "What!" thought he, "I am furious against these wicked men, who are carrying her away; and did I not do the same myself? Did <sup>290</sup>. I not cast her into prison, and intend to sell her as a slave? Who knows how much more wickedness I might not have done to her and others, if Heaven's justice had not stopped me in time?"

While he lay thinking and repenting, he heard a window open, and saw Zelia throw out of it a bit of dainty meat. Cherry, who felt hungry enough by this time, was just about to eat it, when the woman to whom he had given his crust snatched him up in her arms.

"Poor little beast!" cried she, patting him, "every bit <sup>300</sup> of food in that palace is poisoned; you shall not touch a morsel."

And at the same time the voice in the air repeated again, "Good actions never go unrewarded;" and Cherry found himself changed into a beautiful little white pigeon. <sup>305</sup> He remembered with joy that white was the color of the Fairy Candide, and began to hope that she was taking him into favor again.

So he stretched his wings, delighted that he might now have a chance of approaching his fair Zelia. He <sup>310</sup> flew up to the palace windows, and, finding one of them open, entered and sought everywhere, but he could not find Zelia. Then, in despair, he flew out again, resolved to go over the world until he beheld her once more.

He took flight at once, and traversed many countries,

swiftly as a bird can, but found no trace of his beloved. At length in a desert, sitting beside an old hermit in his cave and partaking with him his frugal repast, Cherry saw a poor peasant-girl and recognized Zelia. Trans-<sup>320</sup> ported with joy, he flew in, perched on her shoulder, and expressed his delight and affection by a thousand caresses.

She, charmed with the pretty little pigeon, caressed it in her turn, and promised it that, if it would stay with her, <sup>325</sup> she would love it always.

“What have you done, Zelia?” said the hermit, smiling; and while he spoke the white pigeon vanished, and there stood Prince Cherry in his own natural form. “Your enchantment ended, prince, when Zelia promised <sup>330</sup> to love you. Indeed, she has loved you always, but your many faults constrained her to hide her love. These are now amended, and you may both live happy if you will, because your union is founded upon mutual esteem.”

335

Cherry and Zelia threw themselves at the feet of the hermit, whose form also began to change. His soiled garments became of dazzling whiteness, and his long beard and withered face grew into the flowing hair and lovely countenance of Fairy Candide.

340

“Rise up, my children,” said she; “I must now transport you to your palace, and restore to Prince Cherry his father’s crown, of which he is now worthy.”

She had scarcely ceased speaking when they found themselves in the chamber of Suliman, who, delighted to <sup>345</sup> find again his beloved pupil and master, willingly resigned the throne, and became the most faithful of his subjects.

King Cherry and Queen Zelia reigned together for

many years, and it is said that the former was so blameless and strict in all his duties that, though he constantly wore the ring which Candide had restored to him, it never once pricked his finger enough to make it bleed. 350



WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

## QUEEN MAB.

By THOMAS HOOD.

A LITTLE fairy comes at night ;  
Her eyes are blue, her hair is brown,  
With silver spots upon her wings,  
And from the moon she flutters down.

She has a little silver wand ;  
And when a good child goes to bed,  
She waves her wand from right to left,  
And makes a circle round its head.

And then it dreams of pleasant things,  
Of fountains filled with fairy fish,  
And trees that bear delicious fruit,  
And bow their branches at a wish ;

Of arbors filled with dainty scents  
From lovely flowers that never fade ;  
Bright flies that glitter in the sun  
And glow-worms shining in the shade ;

And talking birds with gifted tongues  
For singing songs and telling tales,  
And pretty dwarfs to show the way  
Through fairy hills and fairy dales.

But when a bad child goes to bed,  
 From left to right she weaves her rings,  
 And then it dreams all through the night  
 Of only ugly horrid things !

Then lions come with glaring eyes, 25  
 And tigers growl—a dreadful noise,—  
 And ogres draw their cruel knives  
 To shed the blood of girls and boys.

Then stormy waves rush on to drown,  
 Or raging flames come scorching round ; 30  
 Fierce dragons hover in the air,  
 And serpents crawl along the ground.

Then wicked children wake and weep,  
 And wish the long black gloom away ;  
 But good ones love the dark, and find 35  
 The night as pleasant as the day.





### ARIEL'S SONG.

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :  
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



## THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

A FAIR girl was sitting in the greenwood shade,  
Listening to the music the spring birds made ;  
When, sweeter by far than the birds on the tree,  
A voice murmured near her, "O come, love, with me !

In earth or air  
A thing so fair  
I have not seen as thee !  
Then come, love, with me.

5

"With a star for thy home, in a palace of light,  
Thou wilt add a fresh grace to the beauty of night ;  
Or, if wealth be thy wish, thine are treasures untold,  
I will show thee the birthplace of jewels and gold—

And pearly caves  
Beneath the waves,  
All these, all these are thine,  
If thou wilt be mine."

10

15

Thus whispered a fairy to tempt the fair girl,  
But vain was his promise of gold and of pearl ;  
For she said, "Though thy gifts to a poor girl were dear,  
My father, my mother, my sisters are here :

20

O, what would be  
Thy gifts to me  
Of earth and sea and air,  
If my heart were not there ?"

## THE PRINCE WITH THE NOSE.

FROM MISS MULOCK'S "FAIRY BOOK."

THERE was once a king who was passionately in love with a beautiful princess, but she could not be married because a magician had enchanted her. The king went to a good fairy to inquire what he should do. Said the fairy, after receiving him graciously : "Sir, I will tell you a secret. The princess has a great cat whom she loves so well that she cares for nothing and nobody else ; but she will be obliged to marry any person who is adroit enough to walk upon the cat's tail."

"That will not be very difficult," thought the king to himself, and departed, resolving to trample the cat's tail to pieces rather than not succeed in walking upon it. He went immediately to the palace of his fair mistress and the cat ; the animal came in front of him, arching its back in anger as it was wont to do. The king lifted up his foot, thinking nothing would be so easy as to tread on the tail, but he found himself mistaken. Minon<sup>1</sup>—that was the creature's name—twisted itself round so sharply that the king only hurt his own foot by stamping on the floor. For eight days did he pursue the cat everywhere : up and down the palace he was after it from morning till night, but with no better success ; the tail seemed made of quicksilver, so very lively was it. At last the king had the good-fortune to catch Minon

<sup>1</sup> MI'-nōn.

sleeping, when tramp, tramp ! he trod on the tail with <sup>25</sup> all his force.

Minon woke up, mewed horribly, and immediately changed from a cat into a large, fierce-looking man, who regarded the king with flashing eyes.

“ You must marry the princess,” cried he, “ because <sup>30</sup> you have broken the enchantment in which I held her ; but I will be revenged on you. You shall have a son with a nose as long as—that ;” he made in the air a curve of half a foot ; “ yet he shall believe it is just like all other noses, and shall be always unfortunate till he <sup>35</sup> has found out it is not. And if you ever tell anybody of this threat of mine, you shall die on the spot.” So saying, the magician disappeared.

The king, who was at first much terrified, soon began to laugh at this adventure. “ My son might have <sup>40</sup> a worse misfortune than too long a nose,” thought he. “ At least it will hinder him neither in seeing or hearing. I will go and find the princess, and marry her at once.”

He did so, but he lived only a few months after, and died before his little son was born, so that nobody knew <sup>45</sup> anything about the secret of the nose.

The little prince was so much wished for that when he came into the world they agreed to call him Prince Wish. He had beautiful blue eyes and a sweet little mouth, but his nose was so big that it covered half his <sup>50</sup> face. The queen, his mother, was inconsolable ; but her ladies tried to satisfy her by telling her that the nose was not nearly so large as it seemed, that it would grow smaller as the prince grew bigger, and that, if it did not, a large nose was indispensable to a hero. All great <sup>55</sup> soldiers, they said, had great noses, as everybody knew. The queen was so very fond of her son that she listened

eagerly to all this comfort. Shortly she grew so used to the prince's nose that it did not seem to her any larger than ordinary noses of the court ; where, in process of time, everybody with a long nose was very much admired, and the unfortunate people who had only snubs<sup>1</sup> were taken very little notice of.

Great care was observed in the education of the prince ; and as soon as he could speak they told him all sorts of 65 amusing tales, in which all the bad people had short noses, and all the good people had long ones. No person was suffered to come near him who had not a nose of more than ordinary length ; nay, to such an extent did the courtiers carry their fancy that the noses of all, 70 the little babies were ordered to be pulled out as far as possible several times a day, in order to make them grow. But grow as they would, they never could grow as long as that of Prince Wish. When he was old enough his tutor taught him history ; and whenever any 75 great king or lovely princess was referred to, the tutor always took care to mention that he or she had a long nose. All the royal apartments were filled with pictures and portraits having this peculiarity, so that at last Prince Wish began to regard the length of his nose as his greatest perfection, and would not have had it an inch less even to save his crown.

When he was twenty years old his mother and his people wished him to marry. They procured for him the likenesses of many princesses, but the one he preferred was Princess Darling, daughter of a powerful monarch and heiress to several kingdoms. Alas ! with all her beauty, this princess had one great misfortune, a little turned-up nose, which, every one else said, made

<sup>1</sup> Snub-noses.

her only the more bewitching. But here, in the kingdom <sup>90</sup> of Prince Wish, the courtiers were thrown by it into the utmost perplexity. They were in the habit of laughing at all small noses ; but how dared they make fun of the nose of Princess Darling ? Two unfortunate gentlemen, whom Prince Wish had overheard doing so, were igno- <sup>95</sup> miniously<sup>1</sup> banished from the court and capital.

After this the courtiers became alarmed, and tried to correct their habit of speech ; but they would have found themselves in constant difficulties, had not one clever person struck out a bright idea. He said that though it <sup>100</sup> was indispensably necessary for a man to have a great nose, women were different ; and that a learned man had discovered in a very old manuscript that the celebrated Cleopatra<sup>2</sup>, Queen of Egypt, the beauty of the ancient world, had a turned-up nose. At this informa- <sup>105</sup> tion Prince Wish was so delighted that he made the courtier a very handsome present, and immediately sent off ambassadors to demand Princess Darling in marriage.

She accepted his offer at once, and returned with the ambassadors. He made all haste to meet and welcome <sup>110</sup> her ; but when she was only three leagues distant from his capital, before he had time even to kiss her hand, the magician who had once assumed the shape of his mother's cat, Minon, appeared in the air and carried her off before the lover's very eyes. <sup>115</sup>

Prince Wish, almost beside himself with grief, declared that nothing should induce him to return to his throne and kingdom till he had found Darling. He would suffer none of his courtiers or attendants to follow him ; but, bidding them all adieu, mounted a good horse, laid the reins on the <sup>120</sup> animal's neck, and let him take him wherever he would.

<sup>1</sup> In disgrace.

<sup>2</sup> Clē-o-pa'-tra (*a* as in *ah*).

The horse entered a wide-extended plain, and trotted on steadily the whole day without finding a single house. Master and beast began almost to faint with hunger ; and Prince Wish might have wished himself safe at <sup>125</sup> home again, had he not discovered, just at dusk, a cavern, where there sat, beside a bright lantern, a little woman who might have been more than a hundred years old.

She put on her spectacles the better to look at the stranger, and he noticed that her nose was so small that <sup>130</sup> the spectacles would hardly stay on ; then the prince and the fairy—for it was a fairy—burst into a mutual fit of laughter.

“What a funny nose !” cried the one.

“Not so funny as yours, madam,” returned the other. <sup>135</sup> “But pray let us leave our noses alone, and be good enough to give me something to eat, for I am dying with hunger, and so is my poor horse.”

“With all my heart,” answered the fairy. “Although your nose is ridiculously long, you are no less the son of <sup>140</sup> one of my best friends. I loved your father like a brother ; he had a very handsome nose.”

“What is wanting to my nose ?” asked Wish, rather savagely.

“O, nothing at all ! On the contrary there is a great <sup>145</sup> deal too much of it ; but never mind, one may be a very honest man, and yet have too big a nose. As I said, I was a great friend of your father’s ; he came often to see me. I was very pretty then, and oftentimes he used to say to me ‘My sister—’ ” <sup>150</sup>

“I will hear the rest, madam, with pleasure, when I have supped ; but will you condescend to remember that I have tasted nothing all day ?”

“Poor boy,” said the fairy, “I will give you some sup-

per directly ; and while you eat it I will tell you my <sup>155</sup> history in six words, for I hate much talking. A long tongue is as insupportable as a long nose ; and I remember when I was young how much I used to be admired because I was not a talker ; indeed, some one said to the queen, my mother,—for poor as you see me now, I <sup>160</sup> am the daughter of a great king, who always—”

“Ate when he was hungry, I hope,” interrupted the prince, whose patience was fast departing.

“ You are right,” said the imperturbable<sup>1</sup> old fairy ; “ and I will bring you your supper directly, only I wish <sup>165</sup> first just to say that the king my father—”

“ Hang the king your father !” Prince Wish was about to exclaim, but he stopped himself, and only observed that however the pleasure of her conversation might make him forget his hunger, it could not have the same <sup>170</sup> effect upon his horse, who was really starving.

The fairy, pleased at his civility, called her servants and bade them supply him at once with all he needed. “ And,” added she, “ I must say you are very polite and very good-tempered, in spite of your nose.” <sup>175</sup>

“ What has the old woman to do with my nose ?” thought the prince. “ If I were not so very hungry I would soon show her what she is—a regular old gossip and chatterbox. She to fancy she talks little, indeed ! One must be very foolish not to know one’s own defects. <sup>180</sup> This comes of being born a princess. Flatterers have spoiled her, and persuaded her that she talks little. Little, indeed ! I never knew anybody chatter so much.”

While the prince thus meditated, the servants were laying the table, the fairy asking them a hundred unnecessary questions, simply for the pleasure of hearing her-

<sup>1</sup> Not easily disturbed.

self talk. "Well," thought Wish, "I am delighted that I came hither, if only to learn how wise I have been in never listening to flatterers, who hide from us our faults, or make us believe they are perfections. But they could <sup>190</sup> never deceive me. I know all my own weak points, I trust." As truly he believed he did.

So he went on eating contentedly, nor stopped till the old fairy began to address him.

"Prince," said she, "will you be kind enough to turn <sup>195</sup> a little? Your nose casts such a shadow that I cannot see what is in my plate. And, as I was saying, your father admired me and always made me welcome at court. What is the court etiquette there now? Do the ladies still go to assemblies, promenades, balls?—I beg your <sup>200</sup> pardon for laughing, but how *very* long your nose is!"

"I wish you would cease to speak of my nose," said the prince, becoming annoyed. "It is what it is, and I do not desire it any shorter."

"O, I see that I have vexed you!" returned the fairy. <sup>205</sup> "Nevertheless, I am one of your best friends, and so I shall take the liberty of always—" She would doubtless have gone on talking till midnight; but the prince, unable to bear it any longer, here interrupted her, thanked her for her hospitality, bade her a hasty adieu, and rode <sup>210</sup> away.

He travelled for a long time, half over the world, but he heard no news of Princess Darling. However, in each place he went to, he heard one remarkable fact—the great length of his own nose. The little boys in the <sup>215</sup> streets jeered at him, the peasants stared at him, and the more polite ladies and gentlemen whom he met in society used to try in vain to keep from laughing, and to get out of his way as soon as they could. So the poor

prince became gradually quite forlorn and solitary ; he <sup>220</sup> thought all the world was mad, but still he never thought of there being anything queer about his own nose.

At last the old fairy, who, though she was a chatterbox, was very good-natured, saw that he was almost breaking his heart. She felt sorry for him, and wished <sup>225</sup> to help him in spite of himself, for she knew the enchantment which hid from him the Princess Darling could never be broken till he had discovered his own defect. So she went in search of the princess, and being more powerful than the magician, since she was a good fairy <sup>230</sup> and he was an evil magician, she got her away from him, and shut her up in a palace of crystal, which she placed on the road which Prince Wish had to pass.

He was riding along very melancholy, when he saw the palace ; and at its entrance was a room, made of the <sup>235</sup> purest glass, in which sat his beloved princess, smiling and beautiful as ever. He leaped from his horse, and ran towards her. She held out her hand for him to kiss, but he could not get at it for the glass. Transported with eagerness and delight, he dashed his sword through <sup>240</sup> the crystal, and succeeded in breaking a small opening, to which she put up her beautiful rosy mouth. But it was in vain, Prince Wish could not approach it. He twisted his neck about, and turned his head on all sides, till at length, putting up his hand to his face, he discovered <sup>245</sup> the impediment.<sup>1</sup>

“ It must be confessed,” exclaimed he, “ that my nose *is* too long.”

That moment the glass walls all split asunder, and the old fairy appeared, leading Princess Darling. <sup>250</sup>

“ Avow, prince,” said she, “ that you are very much

<sup>1</sup> Hinderance, obstacle.

obliged to me, for now the enchantment is ended. You may marry the object of your choice. But," added she, smiling, "I fear I might have talked to you forever on the subject of your nose, and you would not have believed in its length, till it became an obstacle to your own inclinations. Now behold it!" and she held up a crystal mirror. "Are you satisfied to be no different from other people?"

"Perfectly," said Prince Wish, who found his nose had shrunk to an ordinary length. And, taking the Princess Darling by the hand, he kissed her, courteously, affectionately, and satisfactorily. Then they departed to their own country, and lived very happy all their days.



MY TALES IN PROSE

came gradually

an  
in  
as  
her.  
ld not  
ess and  
and succeed  
e put up  
nce wis  
about,  
etting  
ment.  
st be confe  
."  
moment  
appear  
, prin



With the leaves of autumn symmetry - . . . . .  
went:

And I heard the bells on Christmas day - . . . . .  
and they - . . . . .

Fainter, fainter, . . . . .  
And beside a little - . . . . .  
I saw the green - . . . . .

lanner - . . . . .  
Then he started - . . . . .  
bounding - . . . . .

and drew me - . . . . .  
bounding - . . . . .  
crimson, crimson - . . . . .  
to see - . . . . .

he cried - . . . . .  
many, many - . . . . .

isped me - . . . . .  
the cheeks - . . . . .

ed me - . . . . .  
ised again - . . . . .

ud upon - . . . . .

ring ring - . . . . .  
me! Clumsy - . . . . .  
! Clumsy - . . . . .  
ring ring - . . . . .

fly, lani! - . . . . .  
fly, lani! - . . . . .  
the Bremen - . . . . .  
green gourd - . . . . .



## THE GREEN GNOME.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

RING, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !  
Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! thorough<sup>1</sup> dales<sup>2</sup> and  
dells !

Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !  
Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !<sup>3</sup>

And I galloped and I galloped on my palfrey white as <sup>5</sup>  
milk ;

My robe was of the sea-green woof,<sup>4</sup> my serk<sup>5</sup> was of the  
silk ;

My hair was golden yellow, and it floated to my shoe,  
My eyes were like two harebells bathed in little drops of  
dew ;

My palfrey, never stopping, made a music sweetly blent

<sup>1</sup> Through.

<sup>2</sup> Low ground between hills. *Dells* is another form of the word,  
with similar meaning.

<sup>4</sup> Woven cloth.

<sup>3</sup> Barren or stony hills.

<sup>5</sup> Under-garment, shift (Scottish).

With the leaves of autumn dropping all around me as I <sup>10</sup>  
went ;  
And I heard the bells, grown fainter, far behind me peal  
and play,  
Fainter, fainter, fainter, till they seemed to die away ;  
And beside a silver runnel,<sup>1</sup> on a little heap of sand,  
I saw the green gnome sitting, with his cheek upon his  
hand.  
Then he started up to see me, and he ran with cry and <sup>15</sup>  
bound,  
And drew me from my palfrey white and set me on the  
ground.  
O, crimson, crimson were his locks, his face was green  
to see,  
But he cried, "O light-haired lassie, you are bound to  
marry me !"  
He clasped me round the middle small, he kissed me on  
the cheek,  
He kissed me twice, he kissed me thrice—but when he <sup>20</sup>  
kissed again,  
I called aloud upon the name of Him who died for men.

Sing, sing ! ring, ring ! pleasant Sabbath bells !  
Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme : thorough dales and dells !  
Rhyme, ring ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !  
Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells ! <sup>25</sup>

O, faintly, faintly, faintly, calling men and maids to pray,  
So faintly, faintly, faintly rang the bells far away ;  
And as I named the Blessed Name, as in our need we can,  
The ugly green green gnome became a tall and comely  
man :

<sup>1</sup> Brook.

His hands were white, his beard was gold, his eyes were 30  
black as sloes,<sup>1</sup>

His tunic was of scarlet woof, and silken were his hose ;  
A pensive light from Faeryland still lingered on his cheek,  
His voice was like the running brook, when he began to  
speak :

“O, you have cast away the charm my stepdame put  
on me !

Seven years I dwelt in Faeryland, and you have set me 35  
free.

O, I will mount thy palfrey white, and ride to kirk<sup>2</sup>  
with thee,

And by those little dewy eyes, we twain will wedded be !”

Back we galloped, never stopping, he before and I be-  
hind,

And the autumn leaves were dropping, red and yellow  
in the wind ;

And the sun was shining clearer, and my heart was high 40  
and proud,

As nearer, nearer, nearer rang the kirk bells sweet and  
loud ;

And we saw the kirk before us, as we trotted down the  
fells,

And nearer, clearer, o'er us, rang the welcome of the bells.

Ring, sing ! ring, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !

Chime, rhyme ! chime, rhyme ! thorough dales and dells 45

Rhyme, sing ! chime, sing ! pleasant Sabbath bells !

Chime, sing ! rhyme, ring ! over fields and fells !

<sup>1</sup>The fruit of the blackthorn.

<sup>2</sup>Church (Scottish).

## THE HAUNTED SPRING.

By SAMUEL LOVER.

GAYLY through the mountain glen

The hunter's horn did ring,

As the milk-white doe

Escaped his bow

Down by the haunted spring.

5

In vain his silver horn he wound—

'T was echo answered back ;

For neither groom nor baying hound

Was on the hunter's track.

In vain he sought the milk-white doe

10

That made him stray and 'scaped his bow ;

For, save himself, no living thing

Was by the silent haunted spring.

The purple heath-bells blooming fair

Their fragrance round did fling,

15

As the hunter lay

At close of day

Down by the haunted spring.

A lady fair in robe of white

To greet the hunter came ;

20

She kissed a cup with jewels bright,

And pledged him by his name.

"O lady fair," the hunter cried,

"Be thou my love, my blooming bride,

A bride that well may grace a king,  
Fair lady of the haunted spring!"

25

In the fountain clear she stooped,  
And forth she drew a ring ;  
And that loved knight  
His faith did plight

30

Down by the haunted spring.  
But since that day his chase<sup>1</sup> did stray  
The hunter ne'er was seen,  
And legends tell he now doth dwell

35

Within the hills so green ;  
But still the milk-white doe appears,  
And wakes the peasant's evening fears,  
While distant bugles faintly ring  
Around the lonely haunted spring.

<sup>1</sup> The doe he was *chasing*.





## POUCINET.<sup>1</sup>

FROM LABOULAYE'S "LAST FAIRY TALES."

### I.

ONCE upon a time there was a peasant who had three sons, Peter, Paul, and Jack. Peter was big, fat, red-faced, and dull-witted ; Paul was spare, sallow, envious, and spiteful ; Jack was as sharp as a steel-trap and as fair as a woman, but small—so small that he could have hidden away in his father's great boots, whence he was nicknamed Poucinet.

The peasant's sole worldly wealth was his family, and there was joy in the household when by chance they caught a glimpse there of the shadow of a penny. Black bread was dear, and it was hard to earn a living. As soon as the three children were old enough to begin to work, their father begged them from morning to night to

<sup>1</sup> Poo'-si-nay (French). See *Notes*.

leave the hut where they were born and go out into the world to seek their fortune. "In other lands," said he, <sup>15</sup> "bread is not always easily earned, but there is some to be had for the getting; while here there is none at all, and the best thing that can happen to you is to die of starvation."

But, lo! a league from the peasant's cabin the king of <sup>20</sup> the country had his palace—a magnificent building, all of wood, with twenty carved balconies and six glass windows. And, behold, suddenly, on a fine summer's night, just over against the windows there sprung from the ground a huge oak, with such thick branches and foliage <sup>25</sup> that it darkened the whole palace. To cut down this giant was no easy task; not an axe could be found that its trunk did not blunt, and for every branch or root that was cut off two sprouted forth in its place. It was in vain that the king offered three bags of dollars to any <sup>30</sup> one who would rid him of this troublesome neighbor. Tired of the struggle, he was forced to resign himself to the necessity of having the palace lighted at midday.

This was not all. In a country where brooks sprang from the very stones, there was no water in the royal <sup>35</sup> household. In summer the inmates had to wash their hands in beer and to shave with honey. This was a shocking state of affairs, and the prince had promised lands, money, and the title of marquis to any one who should dig a well in the courtyard of the castle deep <sup>40</sup> enough to furnish water all the year round. But no one had been able to win the prize, for the palace was on high ground, with a solid bed of granite an inch below the surface.

Now the king had revolved these two ideas in his <sup>45</sup> brain till he could think of nothing else. Petty prince

as he was, he was just as self-willed as an emperor of China. It is the monopoly of royalty. To attain his ends, he distributed throughout the length and breadth of his kingdom huge placards, stamped with the royal arms, offering to any one who should cut down the tree and dig the well nothing less than the hand of the princess his daughter and half his kingdom. The princess was as beautiful as the day ; the half of a kingdom is never to be despised ; and the reward was enough to <sup>so</sup> ss



tempt the most ambitious. From Sweden and Norway, from Denmark and Russia, from Great Britain and the Continent,<sup>1</sup> came a host of sturdy workmen, axe on shoulder and pick in hand. But it was in vain for them to cut and to chop, to dig and to hew ; their labor was all lost. <sup>60</sup> At every stroke the oak became harder and the granite more flinty, so that the boldest were forced at last to give up the task in despair.

<sup>1</sup> That is, the continent of Europe.

## II.

One day, when the people in all the country round were talking of this matter that turned every one's brains,<sup>65</sup> the three brothers asked themselves why, if their father was willing, they should not go and try their fortune. It is true that they hardly hoped to succeed, and aspired neither to the princess nor half of the kingdom; but who knew whether they might not find a place and a good<sup>70</sup> master at the court or elsewhere; and this was all they needed. Their father approved of the plan, and Peter, Paul, and Jack set out for the king's palace.

On the way, Poucinet skipped along the road, scampering hither and thither like a hound, noticing and studying all he saw, and ferreting<sup>1</sup> into every nook and corner. Insects, weeds, and pebbles, nothing escaped his mouse-like eyes. Every moment he stopped his brothers to ask them the reason for this and that—why the bees burrowed into the flower-cups, why the swallows skimmed the surface of the streams, and why the butterflies flew in zig-zag fashion. At all these questions Peter laughed, while Paul shrugged his shoulders, and told him to hold his tongue.

On the way they came to a great forest of firs that covered a mountain, upon the summit of which they heard the sound of an axe and the crash of falling branches.

“I wonder very much why any one is chopping wood on the top of the mountain,” said Poucinet.

“I should wonder very much if you did not wonder,”<sup>90</sup> answered Paul, harshly. “Everything is wonderful to the ignorant.”

“Why, child, any one would think you had never heard

<sup>1</sup> Prying.

of wood-choppers before," said Peter, pinching his little brother's cheek.

"No matter," returned Poucinet, "I am curious to see what is going on up there."

"Go, then," said Paul, "and tire yourself out; it will be a lesson to you, you conceited imp, who are always wanting to know more than your big brothers."

Poucinet troubled himself very little about this remark. He clambered up the mountain, listening for the sound, and making his way in that direction. On reaching the top, what do you think he found there? An enchanted axe, which, all alone by itself, was cutting down a huge pine-tree.

"Good-morning, Madam Axe," said Poucinet. "Are you not tired of hacking away all alone at that old tree?"

"For long years I have been waiting for thee, my son," answered the axe.

"Well, here I am," replied Poucinet.

And, without being at all astonished, he took the axe, put it in his great leather bag, and skipped merrily down the mountain.

"Did you find anything up there that was so wonderful?" asked Paul, scornfully.

"It was really an axe that we heard," answered the boy.

"I told you so," said Peter; "you have put yourself in a dripping sweat for nothing. You might better have stayed with us."

A little farther on the narrow path wound laboriously among masses of jagged rocks. In the distance, up the cliff, they heard a dull sound, like iron striking the stone.

"I wonder why any one is breaking stone up there," said Poucinet.

"Really," exclaimed Paul, "here is a chicken just out of his shell, who has never heard a woodpecker tapping a hollow tree."

"That's so," said Peter, laughing; "it is nothing but <sup>130</sup> a woodpecker; stay with us, my boy."

"No matter," returned Poucinet; "I am curious to see what is going on up there."

And, behold, he set about clambering up the rocks on his hands and knees, while Peter and Paul laughed at <sup>135</sup> him. On reaching the top of the precipice, what do you think he found there? An enchanted pickaxe, which, all alone and by itself, was hollowing out the rock as if it had been butter. At every stroke it penetrated more than a foot. <sup>140</sup>

"Good-morning, Madam Pickaxe," cried Poucinet. "Are you not tired of digging away there all alone at that old rock?"

"For long years I have been waiting for thee, my son," <sup>145</sup> answered the pickaxe.

"Well, here I am!" rejoined Poucinet."

And, without the least astonishment, he took the pickaxe, separated the axe from the handle, put the two pieces in his great leather bag, and skipped merrily down the rocks. <sup>150</sup>

"What miracle did your lordship find up there?" asked Paul, in an insulting tone.

"It was a pickaxe that we heard," answered the boy, and he went on his way without saying anything more.

A little way farther on they came to a brook. The <sup>155</sup> water was cool and clear, and the travellers were thirsty. As they stopped to drink from the hollow of their hands, Poucinet remarked,

"I wonder why there is so much water in such a

shallow valley. I should like to know where this brook <sup>160</sup> comes from."

"You conceited fool," cried Paul, "you want to pry into everything. Don't you know that brooks spring from the ground?"

"No matter," said Poucinet; "I am curious to see <sup>165</sup> where this water comes from."

And he followed up the course of the stream in spite of the cries and reproaches of his brothers. He went on and on, while the stream became narrower and narrower. And when he reached the end, what do you think <sup>170</sup>

he found? A walnut-shell, from which the water spouted and sparkled in the sun.

"Good-morning, <sup>175</sup> Madam Spring," cried Poucinet. "Are you not tired of staying all alone here in a little corner, <sup>180</sup> spouting water?"

"For long years I have been waiting for thee, my son," answered the walnut-shell.

"Well, here I am!" <sup>185</sup> said Poucinet.

And, without the least astonishment, he took the walnut-shell, stopped it up with moss, <sup>190</sup> so that the water could not flow, put it in his



great leather bag, and skipped merrily down the mountain.

“Do you know now where the brook comes from?” <sup>195</sup> cried Peter, as soon as he saw him.

“Yes, brother, from a little hole,” answered Poucinet.

“This boy is too bright,” said Paul; “he will never live to grow up.” <sup>200</sup>

“I have seen what I wished to see,” whispered Poucinet to himself, “and I know what I wished to know; I am satisfied.” And he rubbed his hands.

### III.

At last they reached the king’s palace. The oak was larger and more umbrageous<sup>1</sup> than ever; there was no <sup>205</sup> well in the courtyard, and at the palace gate still hung the great placard promising the hand of the princess and one half of the kingdom to any one, noble, burgher,<sup>2</sup> or peasant, that should accomplish the two tasks desired by his majesty. But, as the king was tired of so <sup>210</sup> many useless attempts, which had served no purpose but to drive him to despair, a small placard had been hung under the large one, and on this small placard was written, in red letters,

“Know all men by these presents, that, in his inex-<sup>215</sup> haustible goodness, his majesty the king has deigned to command that any one who does not succeed in cutting down the oak or digging the well shall have his ears cut off on the spot, to teach him to know himself, which is the first lesson of wisdom.” <sup>220</sup>

And, in order that every one might profit by this prudent counsel, thirty bloody ears were nailed around

<sup>1</sup> Full of foliage, shady.

<sup>2</sup> Citizen.

this placard, belonging to those who had been lacking in modesty.

On reading the placard, Peter burst out laughing, turned



up his mustaches, looked at his arms, with their great muscles, like whip-cords, and, swinging his axe twice around his head, with one blow he cut off one of the largest branches of the accursed tree.<sup>235</sup> But no sooner had it fallen than two thicker and stronger boughs sprouted forth in its place;<sup>240</sup> whereupon the king's guards seized the un-

lucky wood-chopper, and cut off his ears on the spot.

“ You awkward fellow ! ” exclaimed Paul ; and, taking his axe, he walked slowly round the tree, and, seeing a root springing from the ground, he chopped it off at one blow. At the same instant two enormous roots sprang up in its place, from each of which sprouted forth a vigorous branch, full of leaves.

“ Seize this wretch ! ” cried the king, frenzied with rage, “ and, since he did not profit by his brother's example, shave off his ears close to his head.”

No sooner said than done. But the double family misfortune did not terrify Poucinet, who resolutely advanced to try his luck.

“Drive away that dwarf!” exclaimed the king; and, if he refuses to go, cut off his ears directly; it will teach him a lesson, and save us from witnessing his folly.”

“I beg your pardon, your majesty, a king’s word is <sup>260</sup> sacred,” said Poucinet. “I have the right to try; it will be time enough to cut off my ears when I fail.”

“Go on, then,” returned the king, sighing; “but take care that I do not cut off your nose into the bargain.”

Poucinet drew the enchanted axe from the bottom of <sup>265</sup> his great leather bag. It was almost as tall as himself, and he had great difficulty in setting it upright, the handle on the ground. “Cut! cut!” he cried.

And, behold, the axe cut, chopped, and split, hewing in all directions, right and left, up and down, trunk, <sup>270</sup> branches, and roots; in a quarter of an hour the tree was in pieces, and there was so much wood that the whole palace was warmed with it for more than a year.

When the tree was hewn down and chopped up, Poucinet approached the king, who was seated with the <sup>275</sup> princess by his side, and bowed gracefully to them both.

“Is your majesty satisfied with your faithful servant?” asked he.

“Yes,” said the king, “but I must have my well, or <sup>280</sup> look out for your ears!”

“If your majesty will kindly show me where you wish it placed, I will endeavor once more to please my sovereign,” answered Poucinet.

They repaired to the great courtyard of the palace. <sup>285</sup> The king took a raised seat; the princess placed herself a little below her father, and began to look with some anxiety on the diminutive husband sent her by Heaven.

She had not dreamed of a spouse of this size. Without troubling himself at all about it, Poucinet took from his <sup>290</sup>

great leather bag the enchanted pickaxe, coolly fitted the axe to the handle, and, placing it on the ground at the designated spot, cried,

“ Dig ! dig !” <sup>295</sup>

And, behold, the pickaxe splintered the granite, and in less than a quarter of an hour dug a well more than a hundred feet deep.

“ Does your majesty think this <sup>300</sup> cistern large enough ?” asked Poucinet, with a bow.

“ Yes, indeed,” said the king ; “ but there is no water.”

“ Let your majesty grant me a minute,” returned Poucinet, “ and your just impatience shall be satisfied.”

Saying this, he took from his great leather bag the <sup>305</sup> walnut-shell, wrapped in moss, and placed it in a large basin, which, in default<sup>1</sup> of water, had been filled with flowers. When the walnut-shell was firmly imbedded in the earth, he cried,

“ Spout ! spout !” <sup>310</sup>

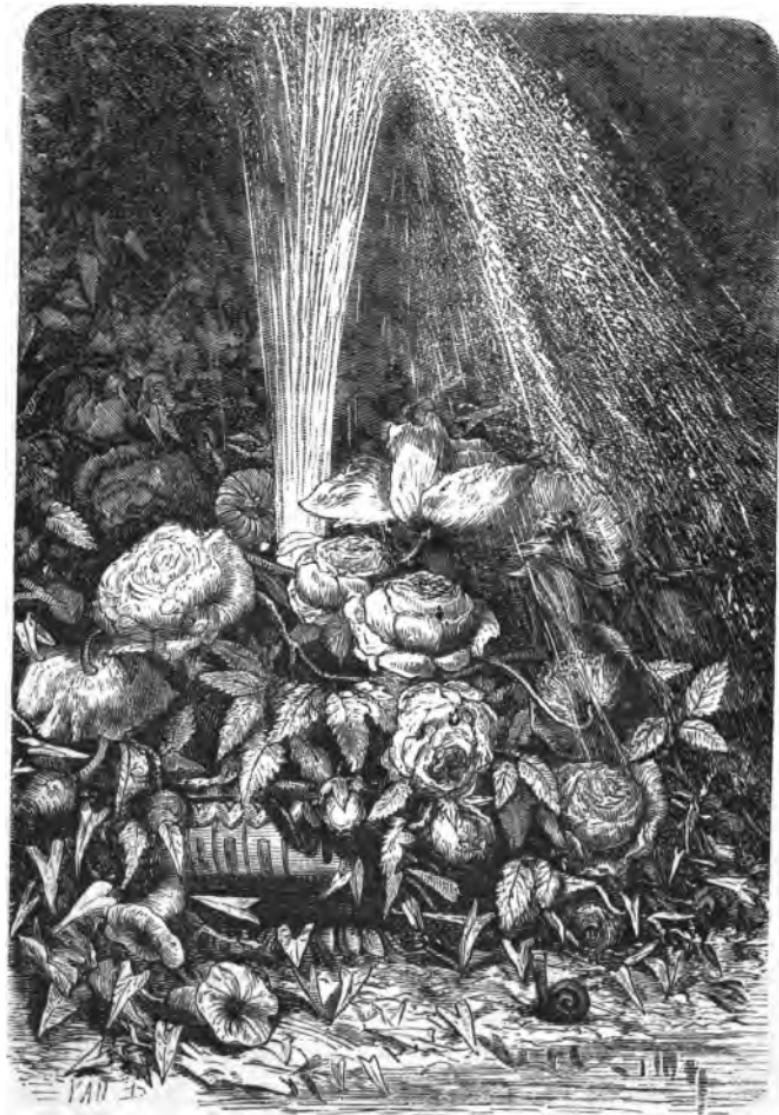
And, behold, the water spouted forth among the flowers, with a gentle murmur, forming a fountain that filled the whole courtyard with its coolness, and fell again in a cascade in such abundance that in a quarter of an hour the well was full, and it was necessary to hasten to dig <sup>315</sup> a channel to carry off this menacing wealth of water.

“ Sire,” said Poucinet, bending one knee to the ground before the royal seat, “ does your majesty think that I have fulfilled your conditions ?”

“ Yes, Marquis de Poucinette,”<sup>2</sup> replied the king. “ I am <sup>320</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Absence, lack.

<sup>2</sup> de (z as in *her*) Poo'-sí-nét.



THE MAGIC FOUNTAIN.

ready to cede you half of my kingdom, or, rather, to pay you the value thereof, by means of a tax which my faithful subjects will be too happy to raise ; but to give you the princess and to take you for my son-in-law is another affair, which does not depend on me alone." 325

"What must I do?" asked Poucinet, haughtily, resting his hand on his hip, and gazing at the princess.

"You shall know to-morrow," said the king. "Meanwhile you are our guest, and the best chamber in the palace shall be made ready for you." 330

The king having gone, Poucinet hastened to find his brothers, who, with their cropped ears, looked like rat-terriers.

"Well, brothers," said he, "was I wrong in keeping my eyes open, and seeking out the reason of things?" 335

"You have been lucky," answered Paul, coldly. "Fortune is blind and chooses blindly."

"You have done well, my boy," cried Peter. "With or without ears, I rejoice in your good fortune, and wish our father were here to see it." 340

Poucinet carried his two brothers away with him, and, being in favor, the chamberlain found a post in the palace the same day for the two cropped varlets.

#### IV.

On retiring to his apartments, the king could not sleep. A son-in-law like Poucinet was not to his liking. 345 His majesty studied how to avoid keeping his word without seeming to break it. For honest men, this task is difficult. Between his honor and his interest a knave never hesitates, but it is for this very reason that he is a knave. 350

In his anxiety, the king summoned Peter and Paul.

The two brothers alone could tell him the birth, character, and manners of Poucinet. Peter praised his young brother, which delighted his majesty but little; Paul put him more at his ease by proving to him that Poucinet <sup>355</sup> was nothing but an adventurer, and that it would be absurd for a great prince to feel himself pledged to a low-born wretch.

“The lad is so conceited,” said the spiteful Paul, “that he thinks himself able to face a giant. In this <sup>360</sup> district there lives an ogre who is the terror of the neighborhood, and who carries off the sheep and cattle for ten leagues around. Now Poucinet has said again and again that if he liked he could make this giant his servant.” <sup>365</sup>

“We shall see if he will,” exclaimed the king; and he dismissed the brothers and slept tranquilly.

The next morning, in the presence of the whole court, the king sent for Poucinet. He came, looking as fair as a lily, as fresh as a rose, and as smiling as the morn- <sup>370</sup> ing.

“My son-in-law,” said the king, dwelling upon the words, “a brave man like you cannot marry a princess without giving her a household worthy of her. There is in this forest an ogre who, it is said, is twenty feet high, <sup>375</sup> and who breakfasts every day on an ox. With a laced<sup>1</sup> coat, a cocked hat, gold epaulets,<sup>2</sup> and a halberd<sup>3</sup> fifteen feet long, he would make a porter worthy of a king. My daughter begs you to make her this little present, after which she will see about giving you her hand.” <sup>380</sup>

“It is not easy,” said Poucinet, “but to please her highness I will try.”

<sup>1</sup> Adorned with gold lace. <sup>2</sup> Shoulder-knots, or shoulder-straps.

<sup>3</sup> A weapon which was a combined spear and battle-axe.

He went to the kitchen, put in his great leathern bag the enchanted axe, a loaf of bread, a piece of cheese, and a knife, then, throwing it over his shoulder, set out <sup>385</sup> for the forest. Peter wept, but Paul smiled, thinking that, once gone, he would never be heard from again.

On entering the wood, Poucinet looked to the right and the left, but the tall grass prevented him from seeing. Upon this, he began to sing, at the top of his voice, <sup>390</sup> "Ogre! ogre! where are you, ogre? Show yourself! I must have your body or your life! Here I am!"

"And here I am!" cried the giant, with a frightful roar; "wait for me, and I will make but one mouthful of you." <sup>395</sup>

"Don't be in a hurry, my friend," exclaimed Poucinet, in a shrill, piping voice, "I have an hour at your disposal."

The giant turned his head on all sides, astonished to see no one, then, casting down his eyes, he spied a lad, <sup>400</sup> seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, holding a great leather bag between his knees.

"Was it you that broke up my nap, you rascal?" cried the giant, rolling his great flaming eyeballs.

"Yes, my good fellow," said Poucinet; "I have come <sup>405</sup> to take you into my service."

"Ah!" said the giant, who was as dull as he was big, "that is a good joke. I am going to toss you into the crow's nest that I spy up yonder; that will teach you to prowl about my forest." <sup>410</sup>

"Your forest!" returned Poucinet; "it is more mine than yours; if you say another word, I will cut it down in a quarter of an hour."

"Ah!" said the giant, "I should like to see you do that, my little fellow." <sup>415</sup>



Poucinet had placed the axe on the ground. "Cut! cut!" he cried, and, behold, the axe cut, chopped, split, and hewed to the right and left, and up and down, while the branches rained on the ogre like hail in a storm.

"Enough! enough!" cried the giant, who began to <sup>420</sup> be alarmed; "do not destroy my forest. Who are you?"

"I am the famous sorcerer Poucinet, and I have only to speak a word for my axe to chop off your head. You don't know yet whom you have to deal with. Stay where you are." <sup>425</sup>

The giant stood still, greatly puzzled at what he had seen. Poucinet, who was hungry, opened his great leather bag, and took out his bread and cheese.

“What is that white thing?” asked the giant, who had never seen any cheese.

“It is a stone,” said Poucinet, beginning to munch it greedily.

“Do you eat stones?” asked the giant.

“Yes, they are my usual diet; that is the reason why I do not grow like you, who eat beef; and that too is why, small as I am, I am ten times stronger than you. Show me the way to your house.”

The giant was conquered. He led the way for Poucinet, like a huge dog, and brought him to an immense building.

“Listen!” said Poucinet to the giant; “one of us must be the master and the other the servant. Let us make a bargain. If I cannot do what you can, I will be your slave; if you cannot do what I can, you shall be mine.”

“Agreed!” said the giant; “I should like to have a little fellow like you to wait on me. It tires me to think, and you have wit enough for both of us. To begin with, here are my two buckets; go bring me the water for dinner.”

Poucinet raised his head and looked at the buckets. They were two immense tuns, each ten feet high and six feet in diameter. It would have been easier to drown in them than to stir them.

“Ah!” said the giant, opening his huge mouth, “you are already nonplussed,<sup>1</sup> my son. Do what I do, and go draw the water.”

“What is the use of that?” asked Poucinet; “I will go and fetch the spring, and turn that into the dinner-pot; it will be much easier.”

<sup>1</sup> Puzzled, at a loss what to do.

"No, no," cried the giant; "you have already spoiled my forest; do not meddle with my spring—to-morrow I shall be thirsty. Make the fire, and I will bring the water."

Having hung the dinner-pot over the fire, the giant <sup>46</sup>



threw in it a whole ox, cut in pieces, with fifty cabbages and a cart-load of carrots. He skimmed it with a frying-pan, and tasted it again and again.

"Come to the table," said he, at length; "and now let me see you do what I do. For my part, I feel hungry <sup>47</sup>

enough to eat this whole ox and you into the bargain. You will answer for my dessert."

"Very well," said Poucinet. But before sitting down he slipped under his jacket his great leather bag, so that it fell from his throat to the ground. 475

The giant ate and ate, and Poucinet was not behind him, only, instead of putting the meat, cabbages, and carrots into his mouth, he slipped them into the bag.

"O, I can eat no more!" cried the giant; "I must undo a button of my waistcoat." 480

"Don't stop yet, you lazy fellow," said Poucinet, shoveling half a cabbage under his chin.

"Ah!" cried the giant, "I must undo another button. What an ostrich's stomach you have! Any one could see that you are in the habit of eating stones." 485

"Go on!" said Poucinet, slipping a huge piece of beef out of sight.

"Ugh!" exclaimed the giant, "I have undone my third button—I feel stuffed. And how is it with you, sorcerer?" 490

"Bah!" said Poucinet, "nothing is easier than to give one's self a little room."

He took his knife and slit his jacket and bag the whole length of the stomach. "It is your turn," said he to the giant; "do what I do!" 495

"No, I thank you," answered the giant. "I would rather be your servant; I cannot digest steel."

No sooner said than done. The giant kissed his little master's hand in token of submission; then, lifting him on one shoulder and a large bag of gold on the other, 500 he set out for the palace.

## V.

There was a holiday at the palace, and no one was thinking any more about Poucinet than if the giant had eaten him a week before, when suddenly <sup>505</sup> there was heard a terrible uproar, which shook the building to its foundation. It was the giant, who, finding <sup>510</sup> the great gate too small for him, had knocked it down with one blow of his foot. Every one ran to the <sup>515</sup> window, the king with the rest, and saw Poucinet tranquilly seated on the shoulder of his terrible servant, on a <sup>520</sup> level with the second-story balcony, where the court was assembled. He stepped down among them, and, <sup>525</sup>

bending his knee before his betrothed, said, "Princess, you wished for a slave; here are two of them."

This gallant speech, which was inserted the next day in the court journal, embarrassed the king not a little at the moment when it was spoken. Not knowing what an- <sup>530</sup> swer to make, he drew the princess aside and said, "My daughter, I have no excuse for refusing your hand to



this daring youth. Sacrifice yourself, for state reasons ; princesses do not marry for their inclination alone."

"I beg your pardon," returned she, with a courtesy, <sup>535</sup> "princess or not, every woman wishes to marry to suit her taste. Leave me to defend my rights in my own way."

"Poucinet," she added, aloud, "you are brave and successful, but that is not sufficient to please the la- <sup>540</sup> dies."

"I know it," answered Poucinet ; "it is necessary besides to do their will and bend to their caprices."

"You are a bright fellow," said the princess. "Since you are so good at guessing, I propose to you a last <sup>545</sup> ordeal, which should not terrify you, since you will have me for your adversary. Let us try which is the cleverer, you or I. My hand shall be the price of victory."

Poucinet made a low bow. The whole court de- <sup>550</sup> scended to the throne-room, where, to the general consternation, they found the giant seated on the ground. The ceiling being only fifteen feet high, the poor giant could not stand upright. At a sign from his young master, he crept to his side, proud and happy to obey <sup>555</sup> him. It was strength in the service of intellect.

"We will begin with an extravaganza,"<sup>2</sup> said the princess. "It is said that women do not stick at untruths ; let us see which can tell the greatest falsehood. The one who first cries, 'That is too much !' will have <sup>560</sup> lost."

"I am at your highness's orders, to lie in jest, or to speak the truth in earnest," answered Poucinet.

"I am sure," said the princess, "that your farm is not

<sup>1</sup> Trial.

<sup>2</sup> Extravagant story.



so large as ours. When two shepherds blow their horns <sup>565</sup> at each end of the land, neither can hear the other."

"That is nothing," said Poucinet. "My father's estate is so vast that a heifer that is two months old when she enters the gate on one side is a full-grown milch cow when she leaves it on the other." <sup>570</sup>

"That does not astonish me," said the princess. "But you have not such a huge bull as ours. Two men, seated on its horns, cannot touch each other with a twenty-foot pole."

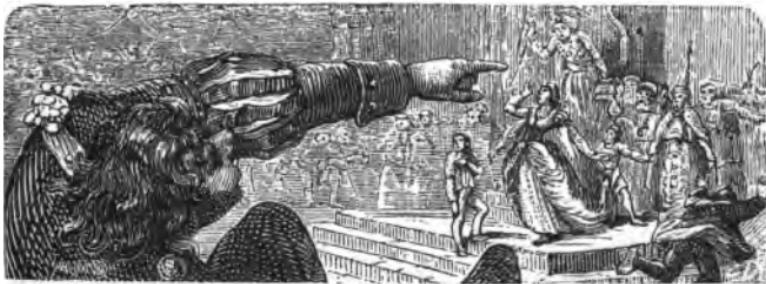
"That is nothing," said Poucinet. "The head of my <sup>575</sup> father's bull is so large that a servant perched on one horn cannot see the man sitting on the other."

"Neither does that surprise me," said the princess. "But you have not so much milk as we, for we fill daily twenty tuns each a hundred feet in height, and pile up a <sup>580</sup> mountain of cheeses every week as high as the great pyramid of Egypt."

"What of that!" said Poucinet. "In my father's dairy they make such mammoth cheeses that our mare

one day having fallen into the mould, we did not find <sup>585</sup> her until after a week's search. The poor animal had broken her back, and to use her I was forced to replace her spine by a large fir-tree, which worked admirably. But one fine morning the fir put forth a branch in the air, which grew so tall that, on climbing it, I reached the <sup>590</sup> sky. There I saw a lady dressed in white, spinning thread from the foam of the sea ; I caught hold of it, when, crack ! it snapped, and I fell into a mouse-hole. There, whom should I find but your father and my mother, each with a distaff;<sup>1</sup> and your father was so <sup>595</sup> awkward that my mother boxed his ears till his mustaches shook."

"That is too much!" cried the princess, furious ; "my father would never have submitted to such an <sup>600</sup> indignity."<sup>2</sup>



"She said, 'That is too much,'" cried the giant. "Master, the princess is ours."

## VI.

"Not yet," said the princess, blushing. "Poucinet, I have three riddles to set you ; guess them, and nothing

<sup>1</sup> Staff used in spinning.

<sup>2</sup> Insult.

will be left me to do but to obey my father. Tell me <sup>605</sup> what it is that is always falling and is never broken?"

"O," said Poucinet, "my mother told me that long ago! it is a waterfall."

"That is so," said the giant; "who would have guessed that?" <sup>610</sup>

"Tell me," said the princess, in a more tremulous voice, "what it is that travels the same road every day, yet never retraces its steps?"

"O," answered Poucinet, "my mother taught me that long ago! it is the sun." <sup>615</sup>

"That is right," said the princess, pale with anger. "There remains a last question: What is it that you think and I do not? what is it that I think and that you do not? what is it that we both think? and what is it that neither of us thinks?" <sup>620</sup>

Poucinet cast down his head and reflected; he was embarrassed.

"Master," said the giant, "if the question is too hard, don't bother your brains about it. Make a sign, and I will carry off the princess and settle the matter." <sup>625</sup>

"Be silent, slave!" answered Poucinet. "Strength can do little, my poor fellow, as you must know. Let me try some other means."

"Madam," said he, after a profound silence, "I scarcely dare guess your riddle, in which, nevertheless, I discern my happiness. I ventured to think that your words would not puzzle me, while you justly thought the contrary. You are good enough to think that I am not unworthy to please you, while I have not the temerity<sup>1</sup> to think so. Lastly, what we both think," <sup>635</sup> added he, smiling, "is that there are greater fools than

<sup>1</sup> Rashness.

we in the world ; and what neither of us thinks is that the king, your august father, and this poor giant have as much—”

“ Silence !” said the princess. “ Here is my hand.” 640

“ What is it that you think about me ?” asked the king. “ I should be glad to know.”

“ My good father,” said the princess, throwing herself on his neck, “ we think that you are the wisest of kings and the best of men.” 645

“ Right !” returned the king. “ I know it. Meanwhile, I must do something for my good people. Poucinet, I make you a duke.”

“ Long live my master, Duke Poucinet !” cried the giant, in such a voice that it was thought a thunderbolt 650 had fallen upon the palace. Luckily, the only harm done was a general panic and a score of broken windowpanes.

## VII.

To describe the marriage of the princess and Poucinet would be a useless task. All weddings are alike ; the 655 only difference is in the day after. Nevertheless, it would be inexcusable on the part of a faithful historian not to tell how much interest the giant’s presence added to the magnificent festival. For example, on coming out of the church, in the excess of his joy the faithful giant could 660 think of nothing better to do than to pick up the bridal carriage and put it on his head, and thus bring back the pair in triumph to the palace. This is one of the incidents that it is well to note, as its like is not seen every day.

In the evening there was a scene of festivity. Feast- 665 ing, speech-making, epithalamiums,<sup>1</sup> colored glass, fire-

<sup>1</sup> Marriage-songs.

works, flowers, and bouquets—nothing was lacking ; there was universal rejoicing. In the palace, every one was laughing, singing, eating, drinking, or talking. One man alone, lurking in a corner, solaced himself in a way <sup>670</sup> different from the rest : this was Paul ; he was glad his ears had been cut off, since he was thus made deaf and unable to hear the praises lavished on his brother ; and wished that he were also blind, that he might not see the happiness of the spouses. Unable to bear his thoughts, <sup>675</sup> he at last fled to the woods, where he was devoured by the bears. I wish that all spiteful people might share his fate.

Poucinet was so small that it seemed hard at first for him to command respect ; but his affability and gentle-<sup>680</sup> ness soon won the love of his wife and the affection of all his people. After the death of his father-in-law he filled the throne for fifty-two years, without any one for a single day desiring a revolution. Incredible as this fact may seem, it is attested by the official chronicle of his <sup>685</sup> reign. He was so shrewd, says the history, that he always divined what would serve and please his subjects, and so good that the pleasure of others was his chief joy. He lived only for the good of those about him.

But why praise his goodness ? Is it not the virtue of <sup>690</sup> men of wit ? Whatever may be said, there is no such thing on earth as stupid people that are good. When one is stupid he is not good, and when he is good he is not stupid ; trust my long experience. If all the fools in the world are not wicked, which I suspect, all the <sup>695</sup> wicked are fools.<sup>1</sup> This is the moral of my story ; if any one finds a better, let him go and tell it at Rome.

<sup>1</sup> See cut on page 111.

## THE GATHERING OF THE FAYS.

By JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

'T is the middle watch of a summer's night—  
The earth is dark, but the heavens are bright;  
Nought is seen in the vault on high  
But the moon, and the stars, and the cloudless sky,  
And the flood<sup>1</sup> which rolls its milky hue,  
A river of light, on the welkin<sup>2</sup> blue.  
The moon looks down on old Cro'nest;<sup>3</sup>  
She mellows the shades on his shaggy breast,  
And seems his huge gray form to throw,  
In a silver cone, on the wave below.  
His sides are broken by spots of shade,  
By the walnut bough and the cedar made,  
And through their clustering branches dark  
Glimmers and dies the fire-fly's spark—  
Like starry twinkles that momently break  
Through the rifts<sup>4</sup> of the gathering tempest's rack.<sup>5</sup>

The stars are on the moving stream,  
And fling, as its ripples gently flow,  
A burnished length of wavy beam  
In an eel-like, spiral line below;

<sup>1</sup> The Milky Way, or Galaxy.

<sup>2</sup> Sky.

<sup>3</sup> *Crow-nest*, or *Crow's-nest*, a mountain on the west bank of the Hudson River, near West Point.

<sup>4</sup> Openings.

<sup>5</sup> Floating or drifting cloud.

The winds are whist<sup>1</sup>, and the owl is still,  
 The bat in the shelvy<sup>2</sup> rock is hid,  
 And nought is heard on the lonely hill  
 But the cricket's chirp, and the answer shrill  
 Of the gauze-winged katydid, 25  
 And the plaint<sup>3</sup> of the wailing whippoorwill,  
 Who mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings  
 Ever a note of wail and woe,  
 Till morning spreads her rosy wings,  
 And earth and sky in her glances glow. 30

'T is the hour of fairy ban<sup>4</sup> and spell :  
 The wood-tick<sup>5</sup> has kept the minutes well ;  
 He has counted them all with click and stroke,  
 Deep in the heart of the mountain oak,  
 And he has awakened the sentry elve 35

Who sleeps with him in the haunted tree,  
 To bid him ring the hour of twelve,  
 And call the fays to their revelry ;  
 Twelve small strokes on his tinkling bell—  
 'T was made of the white snail's pearly shell— 40  
 "Midnight comes, and all is well !  
 Hither, hither wing your way !  
 'T is the dawn of the fairy day."

They come from beds of lichen<sup>6</sup> green,  
 They creep from the mullein's velvet screen ; 45  
 Some on the backs of beetles fly

From the silver tops of moon-touched trees,  
 Where they swung in their cobweb hammocks high,  
 And rocked about in the evening breeze ;

<sup>1</sup> Hushed, silent.

<sup>2</sup> Full of shelves or projections.

<sup>3</sup> Complaining or mournful sound.

<sup>4</sup> Curse.

<sup>5</sup> An insect that makes a *tic-tac* noise.

<sup>6</sup> Moss.

Some from the hum-bird's downy nest—  
 They had driven him out by elfin<sup>1</sup> power,  
 And, pillow'd on plumes of his rainbow breast,  
 Had slumbered there till the charmed<sup>2</sup> hour ;  
 Some had lain in the scoop of the rock,  
 With glittering ising-stars<sup>3</sup> inlaid ;  
 And some had opened the four-o'clock,<sup>4</sup>  
 And stole within its purple shade.  
 And now they throng the moonlight glade,<sup>5</sup>  
 Above—below—on every side,  
 Their little minim<sup>6</sup> forms arrayed  
 In the tricksy<sup>7</sup> pomp of fairy pride.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

<sup>1</sup> Fairy, magic.

<sup>2</sup> Enchanted ; a dissyllable here.

<sup>3</sup> Bits of mica, or "ising-glass," as it is often called.

<sup>4</sup> The flower so called.

<sup>5</sup> Opening in a wood.

<sup>6</sup> Minute, very small.

<sup>7</sup> Dainty, elegant.



## O, WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

BY THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY.

O, WHERE do fairies hide their heads,  
When snow lies on the hills—

When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,  
And crystallized<sup>1</sup> their rills?

Beneath the moon they cannot trip  
In circles o'er the plain;

And draughts of dew they cannot sip,  
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps, in small, blue diving-bells,  
They plunge beneath the waves,  
Inhabiting the wreathed<sup>2</sup> shells  
That lie in coral caves.

Perhaps, in red Vesuvius,<sup>3</sup>  
Carousals they maintain,  
And cheer their little spirits thus,  
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth,  
And music in the air,  
And fairy wings upon the earth,  
And mischief everywhere.

The maids, to keep the elves aloof,  
Will bar the doors in vain;  
No keyhole will be fairy-proof,  
When green leaves come again.

<sup>1</sup> Frozen.

<sup>2</sup> Curled, spiral; a dissyllable here.

<sup>3</sup> The volcano near Naples in Italy.



## THE FAIRY CRAWFISH.

FROM LABOULAYE'S "LAST FAIRY TALES."

IN the neighborhood of Revel,<sup>1</sup> near the shores of the Baltic, there once lived a wood-cutter in a wretched hovel, situated by a deserted road, on the edge of the forest. Loppi,<sup>2</sup> for that was our hero's name, was as poor as Job, and likewise as patient. That nothing might be lacking to complete the resemblance, Providence in its mercy had granted him a wife who might have given points to the spouse of the patriarch. Her name was Masicas,<sup>3</sup> which signifies, it is said, wild strawberry. She was not naturally vicious, and never flew into a rage when other people agreed with her or did as she liked. But the rest of the time she was not so good-tempered.

<sup>1</sup> A Russian seaport.

<sup>2</sup> Llop'-pee.

<sup>3</sup> Mäs'-i-cäs.

If she was silent from morning to night, when her husband was in the fields or the forest, she scolded from night to morning, when her lord was in the house. It is <sup>15</sup> true that, according to the old proverb, "horses quarrel when there is no hay in the rack;" and plenty did not reign in the wood-cutter's hut. The spiders spun few webs there, for there was not a fly to catch, and two mice that chanced to stray into the wretched dwelling <sup>20</sup> perished with hunger.

One day, when there was nothing to eat in the house and the charming Masicas was more vixenish than usual, the honest wood-cutter flung over his shoulder an empty sack, his sole possession, and rushed from the house <sup>25</sup> sighing. He used to go out with this wallet every morning in search of work, or, rather, of alms, too happy when he could carry home a crust of dry bread, a head of cabbage, or a few potatoes bestowed on him in charity. <sup>30</sup>

He was passing by a pond, lighted by the first beams of day, when he spied in the wet grass a blackish object, lying motionless and looking like some strange animal. It was a huge crawfish,<sup>1</sup> whose like he had never seen. The morning sun, or perhaps fatigue, had put the creature <sup>35</sup> to sleep. To seize it around the body and fling it into his sack, without giving it time to look about, was the work of an instant. "What a windfall!" thought Loppi; "and how pleased my wife will be! It is long since she had such a treat." <sup>40</sup>

He leaped with joy; then he suddenly stopped and turned pale. From the sack arose sepulchral<sup>2</sup> tones—a human voice; it was the crawfish speaking.

"Holloa! my friend," it cried, "stop, and let me go.

<sup>1</sup> A kind of lobster. <sup>2</sup> Dismal, as from a *sepulchre*, or tomb.

I am the oldest of the crawfish tribe; I am more than a <sup>45</sup> hundred years old. What could you do with my tough carcass? It would blunt the teeth of a wolf. Do not abuse the chance that has thrown me into your hands. Remember that I, like yourself, am one of God's creatures, and pity me as you would some day have Him take <sup>50</sup> pity on you."

"My dear crawfish," answered the wood-cutter, "your preaching is fine, but do not blame me for not listening to your sermon. For my own part, I would willingly let you go, but my wife is waiting for me to bring her our <sup>55</sup> dinner. If I return empty-handed, and tell her that I caught the finest crawfish that ever was seen, and let it go again, she will raise an uproar that might be heard from here to Revel. And, with her quick temper, she is quite capable of meeting me with a broomstick."<sup>60</sup>

"What need is there of telling your wife?" asked the crawfish.

Loppi scratched his ear and then his head, and, heaving a deep sigh.

"My dear," said he, "if you knew Masicas and under-<sup>65</sup> stood how sharp she is, you would not talk to me in this style. She has a way of leading you by the nose, whether you will or no. There is no resisting her. She turns you inside out like the skin of an eel, and makes you tell all you know, and even some things that you do not <sup>70</sup> know. She is a superior woman."

"My dear friend," resumed the crawfish, "I see that you belong to the brotherhood of good husbands. I congratulate you! But as empty compliment will not serve your turn, I am ready to redeem my liberty at a price <sup>75</sup>, that will satisfy madame. Do not judge me by appearances. I am a fairy, and have some power. If you

listen to me, you will be the gainer ; if you turn a deaf ear, you will repent it all your life.'

" O dear !" said Loppi, " I do not want to harm anybody. Fix matters so that Masicas will be pleased, and I am quite ready to let you go free."

" What kind of fish does your wife like best ?"

" I have no idea. We poor people have not time to pick and choose. It is enough that I do not go home empty-handed. No one will complain."

" Lay me on the ground," said the crawfish, " then dip your open sack into this corner of the pond. Right. Now, *Fish in the sack !*"

Was such a marvel ever seen ! In an instant the sack was full of fish; so full, indeed, that it nearly slipped from its owner's hands.

" You see that she whom you have befriended is not ungrateful," said the crawfish to the astonished wood-cutter. " You can come here every morning and fill your wallet by repeating the words *Fish in the sack*. I will keep my promise. You have been kind to me, and I will be kind to you. And if, by and by, you wish for something else, come here and call me, in these solemn words,

100

‘Crawfish, dear friend,  
Succor pray lend.’

I will answer your voice, and see what I can do. A last piece of friendly counsel : if you wish to be happy at home, be prudent and say nothing to your wife of what has happened to-day."

" I will try, Madame Fairy," answered the wood-cutter. Then, taking the crawfish around the body, he gently placed her in the water, into which she plunged out of sight.

110



**“Taking the crawfish around the body, he gently placed her in the water.”**

As to the proud and happy Loppi, he returned home with a light step and a lighter heart. He hardly waited to enter the house before opening his sack, when, behold, there sprang from it a superb pike, an ell long, a great golden carp, that leaped in the air and fell back gasping, <sup>115</sup> two fine tenches, and a mass of whitefish. Any one would have said that it was the pick of the Revel market. At the sight of all this wealth Masicas uttered a cry of joy, and threw herself on Loppi's neck.

"My husband, my dear husband, my love of a husband," she said, "you see how right your little wife was in making you go out so early this morning to seek your fortune. Another time you will listen to her. What splendid fish! Go to the garden, where you will find a little garlic and onions; then run to the woods and get <sup>125</sup> some mushrooms. I will make you a fish soup such as king or emperor never tasted. Then we will broil the carp; and we shall have a feast fit for an alderman."

The meal was a merry one. Masicas had no will but that of her husband. Loppi thought that the honeymoon <sup>130</sup> had come again. But, alas! the very next day, which was Monday, the fish he brought were more coldly received. On the fourth day madame made a face at them, and on Sunday she burst forth in a passion.

"Have you vowed to shut me up in a convent? Am <sup>135</sup> I a nun, that you condemn me to keep Lent to all eternity? What can be more insipid than this fish? The very sight of it turns my stomach."

"What do you want, then?" cried honest Loppi, who had not yet forgotten his destitution. <sup>140</sup>

"Nothing but what every honest peasant family has to eat. A good soup, and a piece of roast pork; that is all I need to be happy. I am content with so little."



“It is true,” thought the wood-cutter, “that the fish from the pond is a little tasteless, and that there is nothing so good for a weak stomach as a nice slice of pork. But will the fairy be able to grant me so great a favor?”

The next morning, at daybreak, he hastened to the pond and called his benefactress :

“Crawfish, dear friend,  
Succor pray lend.”

150

And behold, a huge claw rose from the water, then another, and then a head with two great staring eyes.

“What do you want, brother?” asked a well-known voice.

155

“Nothing for myself,” answered the wood-cutter. “What have I to wish for? But my wife has a weak stomach, and is beginning to tire of fish; she would like something else; soup, for example, or a roast of pork.”

“If that is all your dear wife needs to make her happy, <sup>160</sup> I can satisfy her,” answered the crawfish. “At dinner-time tap thrice on the table with your little finger, saying each time, ‘*Soup and roast appear!*’ and you will be served. But beware: your wife’s wishes may not always be so modest; do not become a slave to them, or you <sup>165</sup> will repent when it is too late.”

“I will try,” said Loppi, sighing.

At the appointed hour the dinner appeared on the table. Masicas was overcome with joy. The gentleness of a lamb and the tenderness of a dove were nothing <sup>170</sup> compared with the submission she showed her husband. These halcyon<sup>1</sup> days lasted a whole week. But ere long the horizon darkened, and at last the storm broke on the head of the innocent Loppi.

“How long is this torture to last? Do you mean <sup>175</sup> to sicken me to death by feeding me on this greasy broth and fat pork? I am not a woman to stand such treatment.”

<sup>1</sup> Peaceful, serene. See *Notes*.



"What do you want then, my love?" asked Loppi.

"I want a good, plain dinner: a roast goose, and some <sup>180</sup> tarts for dessert."

What answer could he make? There were a number of things, indeed, that he might have said, but Loppi was not equal to risking the peace of the family. A look

from his wife would have made him sink into the earth. <sup>185</sup>  
One is so weak when he loves !

The poor man did not close his eyes that night. Early the next morning he set out for the pond, and walked for a long time up and down the bank, his heart consumed by anxiety. If the fairy thought he was asking <sup>190</sup> too much, what was he to do ? At last he summoned up his courage, and cried,

“Crawfish, dear friend,  
Succor pray lend.”

“What do you want, brother ?” answered a voice that <sup>195</sup> made him start.

“Nothing for myself. What have I to wish for ? But my wife’s stomach is beginning to tire of soup and roast pork. She would like something light ; for instance, a roast goose and some tarts.” <sup>200</sup>

“Is that all ?” replied the good fairy, “we will try once more to satisfy her. Return home, brother, and do not come to me every time your wife wishes to change her bill of fare. Let her order what she likes ; the table is a faithful servant, and will obey her.” <sup>205</sup>

No sooner said than done. On returning home, the wood-cutter found the table already laid, with pewter mugs and plates, wrought-iron spoons, and three-pronged steel forks ; the fairy had done things on a grand scale, to say nothing of the roast goose and potatoes, stewed <sup>210</sup> sauce, and toothsome<sup>1</sup> plum-pudding. Nothing was lacking, not even a flask of anisette<sup>2</sup> to enliven the feast. This time Loppi thought his troubles at an end.

Alas ! it is sometimes a misfortune for a husband to in-

<sup>1</sup> Pleasing to the taste.

<sup>2</sup> An-i-sč’; a liquor flavored with anise.



spire his wife with too high an idea of his might. Masicas had sense enough to understand that there was something magical about this wonderful plenty. One day she insisted on knowing what good genius<sup>1</sup> had taken them under his protection. Loppi attempted at first to keep silence, but how could one resist so trusting, tender, and loving a wife?

Masicas had sworn to betray this precious confidence to no one; she kept her oath (there was not a neighbor

<sup>1</sup> Spirit.

within two leagues around); but if she kept the secret, she took care not to forget it.

An occasion soon offers to him who is on the watch for it. One evening, when Masicas had delighted her husband with her tenderness and good-humor, "Loppi," she said, "my dear Loppi, you have been lucky, it is true, but you do not know how to make the most of your luck. <sup>230</sup> You do not think about your little wife. I dine like a princess, and dress like a beggar. Am I so old and ugly that you are willing to let me go ragged? I do not say this through coquetry, my love; there is but one man whom I care to please; but I must have clothes like a <sup>235</sup> lady. Do not tell me that you cannot help it," added she, with the most winning smile, "I know better; I know that the fairy is always ready to serve you. Can you deny the modest request of her who lives for you alone?" <sup>240</sup>

When a woman asks for a dress to shine only in her husband's eyes, who could be barbarous enough to refuse to please his companion, even though it took a new toilette every day? Loppi was not a monster. Indeed, in the bottom of his heart, he thought that Masicas was <sup>245</sup> not wrong. With their squalid garments, it seemed as though they were eating stolen food. How much brighter their table would be with a well-dressed mistress of the house at its head!

Despite these good reasons Loppi set out for the pond <sup>250</sup> in an uneasy frame of mind. He began to fear that he was going too far. It was not without dread that he called his benefactress—

"Crawfish, dear friend,  
Succor pray lend."

Suddenly the fairy appeared above the water. "What do you want, brother?" said she.

"Nothing for myself. What have I to wish for? But you are so good and generous that my wife's wishes come a little too fast. Her rags remind her of our former <sup>260</sup> wretchedness, and nothing will do but that she must be dressed like a lady."

The good crawfish laughed heartily. "Return home, brother," said she, "your wife's wishes are granted."

Loppi could not find words to express his thanks, and <sup>265</sup> insisted on kissing the claw of his friend. He sang along the road, as gay and light-hearted as a lark. On the way he met a beautiful lady, dressed in cloth, silk, and furs. He bowed humbly to the noble princess, when the stranger laughed in his face and flung herself <sup>270</sup> on his neck. It was Masicas, in all her beauty, and, to speak frankly, she was second to none in majesty and grace.

This time Masicas was happy, there was no denying it; but it is the misfortune of the happy that desires <sup>275</sup> be-  
get desires. Of what use was it to play the lady when she lived alone in a wretched hovel, without a neighbor to madden with jealousy at her sight, or a mirror in which to gaze at herself from head to foot? Masicas had not promenaded about in her cloth and furs for a <sup>280</sup> week when she said to her husband,

"I have been thinking about the way we live; it is really absurd. I will stand it no longer. A princely table and elegant dress do not agree with a hovel open on all sides. The fairy has too much sense, and she loves <sup>285</sup> you too well, my dear husband, not to feel that she owes us a mansion where I can play lady of the castle all day long. With this, I shall have nothing left to desire."



"He bowed humbly to the noble princess."

"Alas! we are lost," cried Loppi. "The string that is drawn too tight is sure to snap; we shall be poorer<sup>29</sup> than ever. Why not be content with what we have? How many would be thankful for such comfort as ours?"

"Loppi," said Masicas, impatiently, "you will never be anything but a milksop.<sup>1</sup> Don't you know that those

<sup>1</sup> A soft, weak, womanish man.

who are afraid to speak for themselves always go to the <sup>295</sup> wall? Are you any the worse for taking my advice? Go on; don't be afraid; I will answer for the consequences."

She railed at the good man until he set out, his limbs trembling beneath him. Should the fairy refuse to listen, <sup>300</sup> he could bear the disappointment well enough, but how could he face his wife's despair on his return? He did not feel able to brave the tempest she would raise; and the only way in which he could summon up his courage was to vow within his heart that if the crawfish said no, <sup>305</sup> he would fling himself head foremost into the pond. However violent might be the remedy, the evil was still greater.

Nothing is braver than poltroons' <sup>1</sup> at bay.<sup>2</sup> It was in a gruff voice that he cried: <sup>310</sup>

"Crawfish, dear friend,  
Succor pray lend."

"What do you want, brother?" said the fairy.

"Nothing for myself. What have I to wish for? But my wife, in spite of all the favors you have heaped upon <sup>315</sup> us, torments me night and day to make a new demand of you, against my will."

"Ho, ho!" cried the crawfish, "you have changed your tune. You have told our secret to your wife; now you may bid farewell to peace at home. And what does <sup>320</sup> this fair lady ask, now that she thinks she has me in her power?"

"A mansion, good fairy, a modest little castle, that her house may correspond with the fine clothes you

<sup>1</sup> Cowards.

<sup>2</sup> In a position from which there is no escape. See *Notes*.

have given her. Make Masicas a baroness, and she will <sup>325</sup> be so happy that we shall have nothing left to wish for."

"Brother," answered the crawfish, gravely, "be it as your wife desires." And she abruptly disappeared.

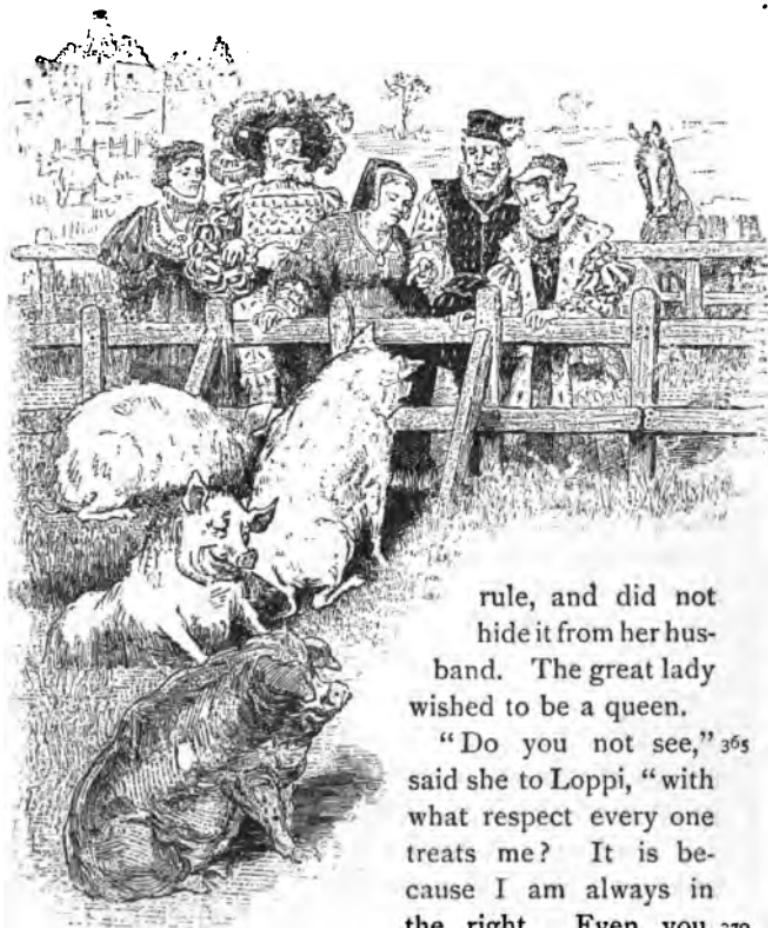
Loppi had some trouble in finding his way back. The whole aspect of the country had changed ; around him <sup>330</sup> were well-tilled fields and pastures full of cattle ; beyond he saw a brick mansion, in the midst of a garden full of fruit and flowers. Wondering what this castle could be, which he beheld for the first time, he gazed at it with admiration, when a richly dressed lady came down the <sup>335</sup> steps. Strange to say, she smiled at him and held out her hand—it was Masicas.

"At last," she exclaimed, "I have nothing left to wish for. Kiss me, my dear Loppi. You have crowned my wishes. I thank you, and also the good fairy." <sup>340</sup>

The honest wood-cutter was ravished with delight. No dream could have been more enchanting. In an hour to be transported from poverty to riches, and from obscurity to a lofty station ; to dwell in a castle with a graceful woman, always good-humored, and whose only <sup>345</sup> thought was to please him—Loppi wept for joy.

But, unhappily, there is no dream without a waking. Masicas tasted all the pleasures of wealth and greatness. All the barons and baronesses in the neighborhood disputed with each other the honor of visiting and receiv- <sup>350</sup> ing her; the governor of the province was at her feet ; and her dresses, castle, horses, and stables were the talk of the whole neighborhood. Had she not the finest trotters in the country ; English cows with scarcely any horns and still less milk ; English hens that seldom laid, but <sup>355</sup> that were as handsome and wild as pheasants ; and English pigs so fat that neither head, tail, nor feet could be

seen? What did Masicas lack, then, to make her the happiest of women? Alas, everything had succeeded but too well with her! She felt that she was born to <sup>360</sup>



rule, and did not hide it from her husband. The great lady wished to be a queen.

“Do you not see,” <sup>365</sup> said she to Loppi, “with what respect every one treats me? It is because I am always in the right. Even you, <sup>370</sup>

who are more stubborn than a mule, cannot help owning that I am never wrong. I was born to be a queen! I feel it.”

Loppi cried out in amazement. He was sharply told

in reply that he was nothing but a simpleton. Who had 375 forced him, against his will, to apply again to the crawfish? It would be the same way this time. He would be king, in spite of himself, and it was to his wife that he would owe his crown.

Loppi had no wish to reign. He breakfasted well and 380 dined better; his desires went no further. But he loved his repose before everything, and he could not be ignorant that, with his beloved better half, he could enjoy repose only on condition of submitting to madame's will and caprices.<sup>1</sup> He scratched his head and sighed; it is 385 even said that he swore a little; but he set out, and on reaching the pond called in a tender voice to his dear friend the crawfish.

He saw the black claws rise from the water, and heard the "What do you want, brother?" but stood for some 390 time without speaking, himself appalled by the temerity\* of his request. At last he answered,

"Nothing for myself. What have I to wish for? But my wife is beginning to be tired of being a baroness."

"What does she want, then?" asked the fairy.

395

"Alas!" murmured Loppi, "she wants to be a queen."

"Ho, ho!" cried the crawfish. "It was a lucky thing for her and you that you saved my life; this time also I will grant your wife's wish. Hail, husband of a queen, I wish you much joy! Good-evening, prince consort!"<sup>2</sup> 400

When Loppi returned home the castle had become a palace; Masicas was a queen. Valets, chamberlains, and pages were rushing about in all directions to execute the commands of their sovereign.

"God be praised," said the wood-cutter, "I have found 405

<sup>1</sup> Whims.

<sup>2</sup> Extreme boldness.

<sup>3</sup> A prince who is husband of a queen, but has not kingly power.



"The castle had become a palace : Masicas was a queen."

rest at last! Masicas is at the top of the ladder ; she can climb no higher ; and she has so many around her to do her will that I can sleep in peace without her insisting on waking me."

Nothing is more fragile than the happiness of kings, unless it be that of queens. Two months had hardly passed when Masicas had a new whim. She sent for Loppi.

"I am tired of being queen," she said ; "I am sick to death of the platitudes of these courtiers. I wish to rule over free men. Go for a last time to the fairy, and make her give me what I desire."

"Good heavens!" cried Loppi, "if a crown does not satisfy you, what will? Perhaps you would like to be God himself?"

"Why not?" answered Masicas, coolly. "Would the world be any the worse governed?"

On hearing this blasphemy, Loppi gazed at his wife, aghast. The poor woman had evidently lost her mind. He shrugged his shoulders.

"Say and do what you like," said he, "I shall not trouble the fairy with such folly."

"We will see about that," cried the queen, in a rage. "Do you forget who I am? Obey me instantly, or off goes your head."

"I will go as fast as I can," cried the wood-cutter. "I may as well die one way as another," thought he ; "as well by the hand of the fairy as that of my wife. Perhaps the crawfish will have pity on me."

He staggered like a drunken man, and found himself on the edge of the pond without knowing how he came there. He cried at once, in despairing accents,

"Crawfish, dear friend,  
Succor pray lend."

There was no answer. The pond remained silent ; not even the buzz of a fly was heard. He called a second <sup>440</sup> time ; there was no echo. Terrified, he called a third time.

“What do you want ?” said a harsh voice.

“Nothing for myself. What have I to wish for ? But the queen, my wife, makes me come here for the last <sup>445</sup> time.”

“What more does she want ?”

Loppi fell on his knees.

“Forgive me, it is not my fault ! She wants to be God.”

The crawfish rose half-way out of the water, and, stretching a threatening claw towards Loppi, cried,

“Your wife deserves to be shut up in prison, and you to be hung, wicked fool. It is the cowardice of husbands that causes the folly of wives. To your kennel, <sup>455</sup> wretch, to your kennel !”

And she dived into the pond in such a rage that the water hissed as if a red-hot iron had been dipped in it.

Loppi fell face downward upon the ground as if struck by lightning. When he set out for home, with hanging <sup>460</sup> head, he knew but too well the road he had travelled so often ; the edge of the forest, bordered with puny birches and sickly firs, stagnant pools here and there, and, farther on, a wretched hovel ; he had relapsed<sup>1</sup> into direr want than ever.

What would Masicas say, and how should he comfort her ? He had not much time for these melancholy thoughts ; for a hag in tatters flung herself on his neck as if to strangle him.

“Here you are at last, you monster ?” cried she. “It <sup>470</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Fallen back.



is you that have ruined us by your stupidity and folly. It is you that have enraged your accursed crawfish. I might have expected it. You never loved me ; you never did anything for me ; you have always been a selfish wretch. Die by my hand !”

475

She would have torn out his eyes, if he had not with great difficulty held both her arms.

“Take care, Masicas, be quiet ; you will hurt yourself.”

It was lost labor ; Loppi felt himself giving way, when suddenly the veins in the throat of the fury swelled, her

480

face turned purple, she threw herself back, flung up her arms, and fell heavily on the ground. She was dead ; rage had killed her.

Loppi mourned for his wife, as every good husband ought to do. He buried her with his own hands under <sup>485</sup> a great fir-tree in the neighborhood. Over the grave he placed a stone, and surrounded the whole with a rough wall to keep off the wild beasts of the forest. This sad duty fulfilled, he returned home and strove to forget.

But he fell a prey to despair ; he was not made to live <sup>490</sup> alone. "What shall I do ? what will become of me ?" he cried, weeping. "Here I am, solitary, forsaken, a burden to myself. Who will think for me, choose for me, speak for me, and act for me, as my dear wife used to do ? Who will waken me a dozen times in the night <sup>495</sup> to tell me what I must do to-morrow ? I am nothing but a body without a soul, a corpse. My life fled with my beloved Masicas. I have nothing left but to die."

He spoke truly. Early the next winter, a peasant on his way through the forest saw a man lying in the snow. <sup>500</sup> It was Loppi, who had been dead a week—dead of cold, hunger, and sorrow, without a friend or neighbor to close his eyes. His icy fingers grasped an awl, with which he had traced on the stone this last tribute to her who had been the delight of his life—

505

TO THE  
BEST OF WIVES,  
FROM THE  
MOST INCONSOLABLE OF HUSBANDS.





## A MAY SONG.

BY MARY A. LATHBURY.

SING a song of spring-time—sing a song of May ;  
All the songs of all the birds are in my heart to-day.  
All the sky is blue and gold ; birds and sunny weather  
In my heart and in the May sing and shine together.  
Hark ! the fairies' bugle-song ! Far, O, far away,      5  
Wind the tiny threads of sound bringing in the May.  
Now o'er fields of filmy green, now through wood and  
hollow,  
Rising, falling, calling still, “ Follow ! follow ! follow ! ”

Sing a song of spring-time ; crown the Princess May.  
Tread your fairy rings at night, but crown her in the day.      10  
All the skies shall laugh with light, the fields shall dance  
with daisies,  
The happy trees shall clap their hands, and birds and  
brooks sing praises.



## A FAIRY TALE.

BY JESSIE McDERMOTT.



HE met her in a forest path  
One bright midsummer day ;  
She took him for a giant,  
He took *her* for a fay ;  
And she cried out, when she spied him  
From beneath her little hood,  
“ Do n’t eat me, Mr. Fee-fo-fum,  
And I ’ll be very good.”

Then he said: "If you will promise  
Not to change me to a cat,  
I will promise not to eat you.  
What do you say to that?"  
And he saw that she was smiling,  
And he knew his peace was made ;  
So they struck a fairy bargain  
Beneath the woodland shade.

Then the fairy told the giant  
Of a mystic<sup>1</sup> spot she knew,  
Where, hidden safe among their leaves,  
Some wild strawberries grew ;  
And the giant told the fairy  
Of a pocket deep and wide  
That held not only bread and cheese,  
But apple-tart beside.



<sup>1</sup> Curious, wonderful.

So the giant and the fairy  
     Sat down beneath a tree,  
 And ate their lunch together,  
     Just as happy as could be ;  
 And many a woodland secret  
     Did the fairy tell that day,  
 And many a wonder-story  
     Did the giant tell the fay.

And when at last the parting came,  
     And they must say "good-by,"  
 The giant thought the fairy  
     Looked as if she 'd like to cry ;  
 And the fairy thought the giant,  
     As he took her little hand,  
 Looked very much as if he 'd like  
     To stay in Fairyland.

25

30

35

40



## NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS, except a few of the most familiar, have been avoided in the Notes, as in other parts of the book. The references to act, scene, and line in the quotations from Shakespeare are added for the convenience of the teacher or parent, who may sometimes wish to refer to the context, and possibly to make use of it in talking with the young people. The line-numbers are those of the "Globe" edition, which vary from those of my edition only in scenes that are wholly or partly in *prose*.

The numbers appended to names of persons (as in the note on page 23, line 233, for example) are the dates of their birth and death. It must *not* be supposed that I would have these committed to memory as a part of the lesson, though it is well for the pupil to know at *about* what time an eminent man lived or wrote.

W. J. R.

## NOTES.

---

### INTRODUCTION.

NOWADAYS it is only young children that ever suppose fairies to be real beings ; but in former times the common people of England and other European countries believed that there were such creatures, and that the stories about them were actually true. Learned men have given much time and study to this fairy mythology,\* as it is called, but they do not agree as to where it had its birth. Beings like the fairies in certain respects are found in Oriental and Greek fable, and some stories about these beings may have become blended with the early ideas concerning fairies ; but the latter properly belong to the north of Europe, and we begin to hear of them as far back as the 12th century. They probably had their origin among people of the Keltic or Celtic race (to which the aboriginal inhabitants of the British Isles belong), but many new ideas about them were derived from Scandinavian, Teutonic (or German), and French sources.

In a general sense, the term *fairies* includes all the beings known as fays, elves, dwarfs, trolls, brownies, hobgoblins, gnomes, kobolds, kelpies, pixies, etc. ; but strictly it is applied only to the *fays*, or fairies properly so called, the smallest of all these imaginary creatures. The *elves* are like the fairies in this respect ; the two names being, indeed, commonly used as synonymous. These are the fairies of the poem on *The Fairy Queen* (page 30) and of Shakespeare's *Midsummer-Night's Dream*—tiny sprites that can “creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves” (page 34). The same poet thus describes Mab their queen in *Romeo and Juliet* (i. 4. 53 fol.):

“ she comes  
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone  
On the fore-finger of an alderman,

---

\* The word means a group of *myths*, or fables, about gods, heroes, or other beings of more than human powers. All races of men in the early stages of their history have a mythology and believe in it, often as a part of their religion.

Drawn with\* a team of little atomiest  
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;  
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners'† legs.  
 The cover of the wings of grasshoppers,  
 The traces of the smallest spider's web,  
 The collars of the moonshine's watery beams,  
 Her whip of cricket's bone, the lash of film,  
 Her wagoner a small gray-coated gnat,  
 Not half so big as a round little worm  
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;  
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut  
 Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,  
 Time out of mind the fairies' coachmaker."

It is Queen Mab also who comes in a chariot drawn by flying mice to carry Tom Thumb to Fairyland (page 20), and of whom Hood tells us in the poem on page 65. These are the fays of whose gathering Drake gives so charming a description (page 109), and about whose winter hiding-places Bayly sings in musical verse (page 112).

But there are bigger fairies, like those that figure in the stories of *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Prince Cherry*, *The Haunted Spring*, and others in this book, as well as in many of the old French, Italian, and German romances. These seem much like ordinary mortals gifted with superhuman powers. They are sometimes benevolent, and sometimes malignant. Sometimes they enter into marriages with human beings, like the famous French fairy Melusina, who married Raymond Count of Lusignan.

Besides these two classes there are many others, including beings of varied size and shape, having their abode in earth, air, or water. Dwarfs and gnomes and kobolds haunt the woods or caves and mines; nixies and kelpies inhabit the waters; Ariel (page 67) and his kin are spirits of the air. The salamander of the middle ages was a fairy in human form whose home was in the fire. To describe all the beings of fairy mythology, even briefly, would fill a volume. Many of the ways in which they were supposed to interfere in mortal affairs are seen in the tales here collected, and will be further illustrated in the notes that are to follow.

\* By.

† Atoms, or creatures as small as atoms.

‡ Spiders, "Daddy-long-legs."

## THE FAIRIES.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM (see his portrait on page 64) was born in 1828 at Ballyshannon, county of Donegal, Ireland, and is still living (1889). Since 1850 he has published several volumes of poems. For some years he was editor of *Fraser's Magazine* in London. An American reprint of his poems appeared in Boston in 1861; and in the preface Mr. Allingham says: "An Irishman can hardly look westward without thinking of the great country to which his island is the nearest European land, and without remembering, though the magnetic link is broken, that by many infrangible ties they remain connected. Among the rest are literary ties; and some of these songs even, made for Irish peasants, have already migrated with them across the Atlantic."

Verse is distinguished from *prose* by the regular arrangement of accented and unaccented syllables. In this poem, for instance, the accent in the opening lines naturally falls on the *odd* syllables, the 1st, 3d, 5th, and 7th. Verse or metre of this kind is called *trochaic*, and is made up of *trochees*. A *trochee* (from a Greek word meaning a *wheel*, which suggests a running or easy-going metre) is a combination of two syllables, the first accented and the second unaccented; like the word *trochee* itself (which may help us to remember the definition), or *airy*, or *mountain*, or *rushy*. In this poem the first line consists of three trochees: "Up' the | ai'ry | moun'tain." The second line is made up of two trochees and the first syllable of a third: "Down' the | rush'y | glen."

If the metre of the poem were perfectly regular, all the *odd* lines would be like the first line, and all the *even* ones like the second; but, as often happens, the poet varies somewhat from the regular metrical form, though preserving the same general movement or *rhythm*. Such a piece of verse is not so well suited to be a first lesson in metre as one constructed more regularly; like that on page 12, for example.

This poem may, however, serve as an illustration of *rhyme*, or similarity of sound at the end of lines. All the *even* lines here are rhymed. In a rhyme the *vowel* sounds and those following the *vowel* must be the *same*, but those preceding the *vowel* must be *different*; as in *gl-en*, *m-en*, etc. In *together* and *weather*, two syllables of each word form the rhyme, which is called a *double* or *female rhyme*; rhymes of one syllable being *single* or *male* rhymes. It will be seen that *accent* is required in a rhyme. *Summer* and *winter* do not rhyme, because the *m-er* and *t-er* are not accented; but *summer* and

*drummer* or *winter* and *splinter* form good double rhymes, the first syllables of the rhymes being accented.

Page 1, line 3.—*A-hunting*. The *a* is not the article, but a preposition, originally *on* or *an*. It is now used only in colloquial style or in poetry, being obsolete in good prose writing. Compare *Luke*, viii. 42, *John*, xxi. 3, etc.

Line 4.—*Little men*. Fairies were often so called, especially in Ireland.

Page 2, line 5.—*Good folk* and *good people* were other familiar names for fairies.

Line 7.—*Green jacket*. Green seems to be the favorite color for fairy dress, though not the only one. The queen of the fairies clothes Tom Thumb in "bright green" (page 22). In the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (iv. 4. 49) the fairies are "green and white."

Line 11.—*They live on crispy pancakes*, etc. Several writers assert that fairies do not eat; but the only proof they cite is from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline* (iii. 6. 41) where Belarius, seeing Imogen in the cave, says:

"But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy."

But here either *fairy* is equivalent to *spirit*, or Belarius simply means that a fairy would not be likely to eat the ordinary food of human beings. Fairy literature abounds in references to their feasts; as, for instance, in the old poem on page 30. Robin Goodfellow, and beings like him, are often described as doing work for a bowl of cream. Compare Milton's *L'Allegro*, 101:

"With stories told of many afeat,  
How fairy Mab the junkets eat.  
\* \* \* \* \*

And he, by Friar's lantern led,  
Tell how the drudging goblin sweat  
To earn his cream-bowl duly set," etc.

In Keightley's *Fairy Mythology*, some of the titles of stories are "The Dwarf's Banquet" (p. 128), "Wedding-Feast of the Little People" (p. 220), "The Fairy Banquet" (page 283), etc.

Line 18.—*The old King*. Fairies are often represented as old men or women, sometimes decrepit with age. See, for instance, page 73, line 127. They are also sometimes described as governed by a king instead of a queen.

Line 27.—*The Queen of the gay Northern Lights*. Probably a creature of the author's own fancy.

Line 29.—*They stole little Bridget*. There is nothing more familiar in the fairy tales of different nations than the idea that the *elves* steal pretty babies and leave their own offspring instead. Oberon

and Titania (page 34) quarrel about the possession of such a "changeling." Robin Goodfellow (page 52) confesses to similar thefts. See also Spenser's *Faërie Queene*, i. 10. 65:

"From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,  
There as thou slept in tender swadling band;  
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left:  
Such men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries theft."

John Gay, in his fable of *The Mother, The Nurse, and the Fairy*, represents the nurse as calling the new-born babe a changeling because it is

"a shocking, awkward creature,  
That speaks a fool in every feature.  
Lord! Madam, what a squinting leer;  
No doubt the Fairy hath been here."

The poem continues thus:

"Just as she spoke a pigmy sprite  
Pope through the keyhole, swift as light;  
Perched on the cradle's top he stands,  
And thus her folly reprimands:  
'Whence sprung the vain conceited lie,  
That we the world with fools supply?  
What! give our sprightly race away  
For the dull helpless sons of clay!  
Besides, by partial fondness shown,  
Like you, we dote upon our own.  
Where yet was ever found a mother  
Who'd give her booby for another?  
And should we change with human breed,  
Well might we pass for fools indeed.'"

Many amusing stories are told of the devices by which mothers manage to get back their own babies. Sometimes the fairies are frightened into restoring them. For instance, the oven is heated as if for baking, and the changeling is on the point of being put into it, when the elfin mother comes, in haste and fright, with the real child and takes away her own ugly brat. According to other tales, if the changeling can be made to laugh, it will be at once exchanged for the human infant. In a German story the mother breaks an egg in two, and sets water to boil in each half. The imp bursts out laughing, and says, "Well, I am as old as the Westerwald, but I never before saw anybody cooking in egg-shells!" Similar tales are found in Brittany, Ireland, and elsewhere.

**Page 8, line 35.**—*They thought that she was fast asleep.* This may seem a little stupid on the part of the fairies, but so they are often represented. Besides, being immortal, they are not so familiar with death as human beings are. According to some of the stories,

the children stolen by fairies could be made to share this immortality. Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, describes

“A virtuous\* well, about whose flowery meads  
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds  
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes  
Their stolen children, so to make 'em free  
From dying flesh and dull mortality.”

Line 45.—*Is any man so daring.* That is, if any man is so daring; the subjunctive being expressed by the transposition, as in “Were he here, I should be glad,” etc.

---

### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY IN THE WOOD.

MISS DINAH MARIA MULOCK (afterwards Mrs. Craik) was born at Stoke-upon-Trent, England, in 1826. She wrote many novels, of which *John Halifax* (1857) is the most popular, besides poems, essays, books for young people, etc. Her *Fairy Book* is one of the best collections of the kind, and her *Story of a Brownie* is charming in its way and a favorite with children. She died in 1887.

The story of the Sleeping Beauty is very old, and the idea of a sleep lasting for many years is even older, being found in the myths and legends of many countries. Perhaps the earliest is the Greek story of Phœbe (or Diana) and Endymion, with whom the moon-goddess falls in love, and who is cast into a perpetual sleep. Fletcher, in *The Faithful Shepherdess*, tells

“How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,  
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
She took eternal fire that never dies;  
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,  
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
To kiss her sweetest.”

Then there is the ancient legend of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, seven Christian young men who, fleeing from persecution, hid in a cave, where they slept for a hundred and ninety-six years. Their astonishment when they return to Ephesus is as great as that of Rip Van Winkle on waking after his long sleep, as related in the familiar tale written by Washington Irving in our own day.

---

\* *Virtuous* here means powerful, or having magic *virtue* or power; as in Milton's *Il Penseroso*, 113: “the virtuous ring and glass,” etc.

**Page 5, line 16.**—*An old fairy who had never been invited.* This incident is found in other fairy tales, and is as old as the Greek myth of the origin of the Trojan War in the dispute over the golden apple which Eris, the goddess of discord, threw among the guests at the nuptials of Peleus and Thetis because she had not been invited with the rest of the deities.

**Line 27.**—*Behind the tapestry.* In the olden time the tapestry was hung on wooden frames at some distance from the walls of the room, so that there was ample space for a person to hide behind it ; and this is often done in stories and plays. Even the fat Falstaff can conceal himself “behind the arras” (as tapestry was called from the French city Arras, where it was largely made) ; as he does in *Henry IV.* (ii. 4) and again in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (iii. 3).

**Line 34.**—*Sweet as an angel.* Comparisons like this are very common in books, as in our every-day talk. When they are made in this *direct* way (using *as* or *like* or some other word that expresses resemblance) they are called *similes*. *Simile* is a Latin word meaning *similar*, which is derived from it. See other examples of simile in the next two lines.

**Line 39.**—*Learned to spin.* This alone would show that the story is an old one, dating back to the times when even princesses learned spinning and other household arts.

**Page 6, line 58.**—*But it was in vain.* As it always is, in fairy tales, when people try to prevent the fulfilment of these elfin prophecies.

**Line 61.**—*Donjon tower.* The principal tower of a castle was called the *donjon* or *keep*. It was usually in the innermost court of the castle and raised on a natural or artificial mound. If the outer walls and fortifications were taken by an enemy, the defenders often took refuge in the donjon and kept up the fight. The lower story of the tower was sometimes used as a prison ; whence the word *dungeon*, which is another form of *donjon*.

**Page 8, line 114.**—*Who had laid himself down.* For other examples of *who* applied to the lower animals, see page 51, line 73, page 69, line 6, and page 74, line 171. British writers nowadays take this liberty oftener than Americans ; but even a verbal critic like Mr. Richard Grant White has “a dog who” in an article in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

**Line 117.**—*Ceased turning.* The *spit* on which the meat was roasted may have been turned by a *smoke-jack*, a machine set in motion by the current of hot air going up the chimney. Dogs called *turnspits* were sometimes trained to work the spit by a kind of treadle.

Line 134.—*Forgotten*. According to some versions, the story was not forgotten, and many persons tried to penetrate the wood and enter the palace, but lost their lives in the attempt. See page 14, lines 61–64.

Page 9, line 141.—*Beautiful as the day*. A familiar simile. See on page 5, line 34.

Line 146.—*Spurred on by both generosity and curiosity*. In *spurred on* we have an *indirect* or *implied* comparison; or a *metaphor* (from a Greek word meaning a *change*, or *exchange*, of names). If the expression had been “*as if spurred on*,” etc., it would have been a simile, like the one in line 161 below. In line 155 we have another metaphor in “*smile him with fear*,” the effect of the sudden fear being indirectly compared to a severe blow. In line 157 *death-white* is a simile, the hyphen taking the place of a word expressing resemblance. Compare *sea-green* (page 78, line 6), *milk-white* (page 81, line 3), and many other familiar compounds.

Page 10, line 187.—*Most embarrassed of the two*. This use of the superlative is allowable, though some books of grammar tell us it is not. Many examples of it may be found in our best writers.

---

### THE SLEEPING BEAUTY.

ALFRED TENNYSON was born on the 6th of August, 1809, at Somersby, Lincolnshire. In 1827 he and his brother Charles published *Poems by Two Brothers*, written from the age of fifteen upwards. The next year he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. In 1830 he published a small volume of poems under his own name, and another two years later. After an interval of ten years (1833–1842) he brought out two volumes made up partly of earlier poems in revised form and partly of new ones. His chief works since then have been *The Princess* (1847), *In Memoriam* (1850), *Maud*, etc. (1855), *Idylls of the King* (1859, 1869, 1872), *Enoch Arden* (1864), *Queen Mury* (1875), *Harold* (1877), *Ballads*, etc. (1880), *Becket* (1885), etc. In 1883 he was made a peer with the title of Baron of Aldworth and Farringsford. He is now commonly called Lord Tennyson. For his portrait, see page 183.

This poem was first printed in 1830 with the title given to it here. In 1842 a “prologue,” “epilogue,” and “moral” were added to it, and the title was changed to *The Day-Dream*.

In this poem the accents fall regularly on the *even* syllables, the 2d, 4th, 6th, and 8th. This is called *iambic* metre, being made up

of *iambuses*, or *iambi* (the Latin plural). An *iambus*\* is a combination of two syllables, the second of which is accented; like the words *within*, *upshoots*, *renewed*, etc.

It will be seen that some of the even syllables do not properly take the accent. In the second line, for example, *and* should not be accented, as a young child whose ear has caught the movement of the metre is apt to make it. We should read the line precisely as if it were prose; and after we get a little used to the music of verse, these variations from the regular up-and-down of the metre will make it more agreeable to the ear, not less so. If *every* odd syllable in the whole poem were equally accented the verse would become a mere "jingle," tiresome from its sameness, instead of a modulated music.

**Page 12, line 1.**—*The varying year with blade and sheaf.* The changing year with its spring and autumn. Explain the reference to these seasons.

**Line 3.**—*Here rests the sap*, etc. The unchanging condition of the enchanted palace is contrasted with the *varying year* outside its borders.

**Line 8.**—*Gilded wires.* The *wires* are put for the *cage* made of them. This is a form of what is called *metonymy*—a word meaning "change of name" or "exchange of names." Metonymy includes a great variety of cases in which one word is put for another associated with it or suggesting it.

**Line 9.**—*Roof-haunting martins warm their eggs.* Is *warm their eggs* more expressive or forcible than *sit upon their eggs*? Explain. In the next line, to what do *these* and *those* refer?

**Lines 14-16.**—*More like a picture seemeth all*, etc. Is the comparison particularly striking? Explain. In line 15 is the repetition of *old* a defect? Compare line 56 below.

**Page 18, line 25.**—*The hundred summers.* The use of *summers* for *years* is another form of *metonymy*—a *part* being put for the *whole*. Are the names of any other seasons used in a similar way? Would *winters* answer as well here? Would it in any connection be better than *summers*? Explain.

**Lines 26-28.**—*The beams that through the oriel shine*, etc. The sunbeams that shine through the window are *refracted* (broken up, or separated) into many-colored rays by the angles of the cut-glass goblets, as they would be in passing through a *prism*, or triangular piece of glass used in optical experiments.

---

\* The word is from the Greek, and means a *throw* or *cast*. The verse was so called because first used for satirical poetry.

*Carven* is an old form of the participle, used in the 16th century, but obsolete until revived by poets in our day. It is occasionally used in prose of a rhetorical character.

Line 33.—*Shows*. Appears, looks; an old use of the word. Compare Shakespeare, *Lucrece*, 252: "That what is vile shows like a virtuous deed."

Line 39.—*Glimpsing*. Rarely used as an intransitive verb. Tennyson has it at least three times, but we do not remember meeting with it in any other writer.

Line 45.—*On either side her tranced form*. What word is omitted that would be used in prose? Why is *tranced* a dissyllable here?

Line 47.—*The slumberous light*. Explain the use of the adjective.

Page 14, line 54.—*Pressed*. Tennyson, like some other recent writers in prose as well as in verse, is fond of spelling participles with *-t* instead of *-ed*, when the ending has the sound of *t*; as *prest* here for *pressed*. In lines 73 and 75 below he has *snapt* and *clapt*, and *clackt* in line 86. It is well to retain this spelling where the pronunciation of the two forms may be different; as in *leapt* and *leant*.

Lines 61-64.—*The bodies and the bones*, etc. See note on page 8, line 134.

Lines 69-72.—*For all his life*, etc. Here also the story, as Tennyson tells it, varies somewhat from the prose version, in which the prince does not guess or suspect what is within the enchanted wood (see page 8, line 135) until the old peasant tells him the tradition concerning it.

Page 15, lines 87, 88.—*And all the long-pent stream of life*, etc. Of what is this an example? See on page 9, line 146.

These variations from the ordinary or *literal* use of language (simile, metaphor, metonymy, etc.) are called *figures of speech*, or forms of *figurative language*. Translate the figurative language here into literal; or, in other words, explain what the figure of speech means.

Line 92.—*By holy rood*. By the holy cross, or crucifix. *By the rood* and *by the holy rood* were common oaths in the olden time. Compare Shakespeare, *Richard III*. iv. 4. 165: "No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well." *Holyrood Palace* in Edinburgh was named from the adjacent *Holyrood Abbey*, or *Abbey of the Holy Cross*, now in ruins.

Line 103.—*And deep into the dying day*. A musical example of alliteration, or the use of successive words beginning with the same letter or sound. We have already had instances of it in lines 61 and 88 above.

In what direction do the prince and princess go?

## TOM THUMB.

THIS is another ancient fairy tale, and Miss Mulock, as she states in her preface, gives it in the form in which it has been familiar to English children for many generations. Its "charming Saxon simplicity of style" could not be bettered by any attempt to modernize it.

**Page 16, line 1.**—*King Arthur* was ruler of a tribe of Britons called *Silures* (Sil'-ü-rēs), and lived in the early part of the 6th century. He rallied the remnants of the aboriginal tribes, driven into the west of England by the Anglo-Saxons, and fought valiantly against these invaders of his country. In a battle with his nephew Modred (who had revolted), in Cornwall, in the year 542, he was mortally wounded, and died at Glastonbury, whither he had been conveyed. Tradition preserved the memory of his place of burial; and there his remains were found when the grave was opened in the 12th century by the command of Henry II.\*

At a very early period—at least a thousand years ago—the life and deeds of King Arthur became a favorite theme with the poets, and gave rise to many legends and romances which became popular, not only in England, but in France, Spain, and other countries of Europe. In our day some of these old stories have been charmingly retold in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*.

*Merlin*, as the story tells, was "the most learned enchanter" of that day, and plays a prominent part in many of the Arthurian legends.

**Line 5.**—*With great civility.* Many of the fairy tales impress the lesson of hospitality and charity. The poor "tramp" or wayside beggar is often a fairy in disguise, and kindness to him is always rewarded in the end, as unkindness is sure to be punished.

**Page 17, line 30.**—*An oak-leaf*, etc. These bits of verse in the tale are from some old metrical form of it.

**Line 32.**—*Doublet.* So called because it was made *double*, that is, lined or padded—originally for defence.

**Line 33.**—*Points.* These were lacings with tags, used for fastening garments, especially the long hose or *trousers* to the doublet.

**Line 39.**—*Not a large thumb neither.* This kind of "double negative" is disapproved by most grammarians now, but it was once

---

\* For a poetical description of this opening of Arthur's tomb, see *Tales from English History*, page 3.

good English. Compare Shakespeare, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, iv. 5. 63: "and I paid nothing for it neither;" *Winter's Tale*, ii. 3. 158: "It shall not neither," etc. Examples can be found in standard authors of the present century.

Line 43.—*Cherry-stones*. Used in the childish game of *cherry-pit*, or pitching cherry-stones into a small hole.

Page 18, line 63.—*A tinker coming by*. Travelling tinkers were common in the olden time, as they still are in some rural districts.

Page 19, line 100.—*Made him his dwarf*. Kings used often to keep a dwarf for amusement or as a curiosity, just as they had a domestic "fool" or clown (see *Tales of Chivalry*, page 45, line 205).

Line 102.—*Knights of the Round Table*. These, according to the legend, were twelve of King Arthur's bravest knights, who sat with him at a round table; but there was a larger table of the same shape, said to have been made by Merlin, with seats for a hundred and fifty knights.

Line 116.—*A huge silver threepence*. The present English three-penny piece is a trifle heavier than our half-dime, being worth about six cents; but it had originally somewhat more than three times this weight of silver in it. A pound of silver was at first made into twenty shilling-pieces, while now it serves for sixty-six.

Line 119.—*Amazing sum*. Money was worth much more in those days, that is, its "purchasing power" was much greater; and besides Tom's parents were poor peasants, to whom threepence was no small sum.

Line 122.—*A month*. This seems a long time for the allowance of food, even though Tom was so small; but the old story-tellers were not over-careful about little details, and the people for whom the stories were told were not critical. A bright boy or girl now could point out many inconsistencies in this tale, but it would be a pity to do it. In the next sentence, for instance, why should we ask how Tom's mother could blow him "almost half a mile" with one puff of her breath?

Page 20, line 126.—*Tilts and tournaments*. For an interesting account of one of these games, see *Tales of Chivalry*, pages 62-83.

Line 138.—*Furmenty*. The word is a corruption of *frumenty*, which is derived from the Latin *frumentum*, meaning wheat. *Furmety* is another form of it. It is in keeping with the simple manners of ancient times that this should be "a dish to set before a king," and one that he "loved" so well that he was going to behead Tom for spoiling it.

Page 21, line 168.—*Uncommon*. Here an adverb, after the manner of the olden time, and as illiterate people sometimes use it now.

Line 185.—*A-hunting*. See on page 1, line 3.

Page 22, line 199.—*In bright green*. See on page 2, line 6.

Line 201.—*King Thunstone*. The successor of King Arthur, according to this story; but this is all that appears to be known about him.

Lines 207, 208.—*Shone* and *home* are not a perfect rhyme, as the consonant sounds following the vowels (see page 145) are different.

Page 28, line 233.—*Guillotined*. This is an *anachronism*, or a misplacing of an event with respect to time; for the guillotine was not so called till the time of the French Revolution, towards the end of the last century. It takes its name from Dr. Joseph Ignace Guillotin (1738-1814), who first proposed its adoption, and is often called its inventor. Similar machines had been used in Italy and Germany as early as the 13th century. The use of the word *guillotine* here must be a modern variation of the old English version of the story, which elsewhere Miss Mulock seems to follow closely.

Line 237.—*Taking him for a fly*. The spider would probably have denied that he made this mistake in attacking Tom—unless he was a very stupid spider as well as a big one.

### THE FAIRIES OF CALDON-LOW.

MARY HOWITT, whose maiden name was Botham, was born in Uttoxeter, England, in 1804. She was of Quaker descent, and in 1823 married William Howitt, in conjunction with whom she wrote many books of prose and verse. Her poems for children, especially the ballads, are among her best works. She died in 1888 in the Tyrol, where she had lived for many years.

This poem is written in “ballad measure,” as it is called, from being used in most of the old English ballads, or popular stories in verse. It is iambic metre (see page 150) with the *anapest* often used instead of the iambus. The anapest is a combination of three syllables with the accent on the last; as *entertain*, *understand*, etc. It will be seen that the iambus and anapest are alike in having the accent at the *end*. The first stanza of this piece may be divided thus:

And whére | have you béen, | my Máry,  
 And whére | have you béen | from mé?  
 I've béen | to the tóp | of the Cáil | don-Lów,  
 The míd | summer níght | to sée.

Page 25, line 3.—*Caldon-Low*. The name seems to have been invented by the author.

**Page 26, line 12.**—*Corn.* As used in the British Isles, the word always means wheat, not our Indian corn, or maize.

**Line 19.**—*Danced.* A favorite exercise with the fairies.

**Line 20.**—*The harpers they.* A very common form of speech in old ballad poetry and modern imitations of it. Note the repeated instances in this poem.

**Page 27, line 39.**—*The jolly old miller, how he will laugh.* This and similar *repetitions* are also a characteristic of the ballad style. Note also the similarity in form of sentences ; as in lines 49 and 57 below.

**Page 28, line 61.**—*A brownie.* Described by Keightley, in his *Fairy Mythology* (p. 357), as “a personage of small stature, wrinkled visage, covered with short curly brown hair, and wearing a brown mantle or hood. His residence is the hollow of an old tree, a ruined castle, or the abode of man. He is attached to particular families, with whom he has been known to reside even for centuries, threshing the corn, cleaning the house,” etc. He likes a nice bowl of cream or a piece of fresh honeycomb, left for him in a corner, but is strangely offended by a gift of clothing. When people have left a new coat or hood for him, he is said to have quit the house in disgust. The brownie is particularly associated with Scotland, though he figures in some English stories also.

**Line 72.**—*There was no one left but me.* In many tales about fairies they vanish when they discover that a mortal is looking at them ; and sometimes the person is punished for the intrusion. According to some traditions, certain persons can see fairies while others cannot. The four-leaved clover was said to confer the power of discerning them. *But me* is not incorrect, but being here a preposition.

### THE FAIRY QUEEN.

THIS song is printed in Percy's *Reliques*, and several copies of it are found in poetical collections of the 17th century, as well as in manuscripts of that time. It sometimes has the title, *Queen Mab's Invitation*. The metre is iambic.

**Page 80, line 2.**—*Fairy elves that be.* This use of *be* for *are* was common when this poem was written. Compare Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iii. 1. 1 : “There be some sports are painful ;” *Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1. 298 : “Be there bears in the town ?” etc. See also *Tales of Chivalry*, page 139.

One of the versions of the song reads thus :

" Ye fairy elves that be  
Light tripping o'er the green," etc.

In the 5th line it has "Hand in hand we dance around."

Line 13.—*And if the house be foul.* The elves are always described as loving and rewarding cleanliness, while they hate and punish sluttishness. Compare the fairy injunction in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, v. 5. 48:

" Where fires thou find'st unraked and hearths unswept,  
There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry;  
Our radiant queen hates sluts and sluttishness;"

and Drayton, *Nymphidia*:

" These make our girls their sluttish rue  
By pinching them both black and blue;  
And put a penny in their shoe,  
The house for cleanly sweeping."

Nash, in his *Terrors of the Night*, 1594, says that "the Robin Good-fellowes, elfes, fairies, hobgoblins of our latter age, . . . pincht maids in their sleep that swept not their houses cleane," etc.

Line 14.—*With platter.* Another reading is "Or platter."

Line 17.—*We pinch.* This was a favorite form of punishment with the fairies, as shown by the passages quoted above and many similar ones. See, for instance, page 51, line 60.

Line 18.—*None escapes, nor none espies.* One version reads "None us hears, and none us spies." Double negatives like *nor none* were formerly good English. Many examples might be cited from Shakespeare and writers of his time. Compare 2 *Samuel*, xiv. 7: "shall not leave to my husband neither name nor remainder," etc. See also on page 17, line 39.

Line 23.—*For we use before we go.* Another reading is "Every night before we go," with "We drop" in the next line. It is curious that now we cannot say "we use to do," though we can say "we used to do." The present tense of *use* in this sense (meaning "to be accustomed") has become obsolete, but the *past* tense is still current.

Line 24.—*Tester.* Originally *testern*. It is obsolete, but the slang word *tizzy*, sometimes used in England for sixpence, is a remnant of it.

Page 81, line 28.—*Is manchet, which we eat.* Some copies have "Is the diet that we eat." *Manchet* was the finest kind of white bread. Compare Drayton, *Polyolbion*:

" No manchet can so well the courtly palate please  
 As that made of the meal fetched from my fertile leas ;  
 The finest of that kind, compared with my wheat,  
 For fineness of the bread, doth look like common cheat."

*Cheat*, or *cheat-bread*, was a coarser kind of wheaten bread.

Line 31.—*The brains of nightingales*, etc. Another form of this stanza is as follows :

" The tongues of nightingales,  
 The unctuous fat of snails,  
 Between two muscles stewed,  
 Is meat that's easily chewed :  
 The brains of wrens, the beards of mice,  
 Do make a feast of wondrous price."

In some copies the stanza does not appear at all.

Line 41.—*And if the moon*, etc. Another reading is " And when the moon," etc.

Line 43.—*On tops*. Some copies have " O'er tops ;" and in the next line " we do pass ;" and in line 46 " as we do walk."

Line 47.—*Yet in the morning may be seen*, etc. The allusion is probably to the "fairy-rings," as they are called, often seen in England. They are circles of grass which is higher and of a deeper green than that growing in other parts of the field. The grass is said also to have a sour taste. Shakespeare (*Tempest*, v. i. 37) refers to these circles as "the green-sour ringlets . . . whereof the ewe not bites." They were long a puzzle to scientific men, some of whom ascribed them to the effects of lightning, and others to the burrowing of moles, by which the soil was loosened and made more productive. It is now known that they are due to the spreading of a kind of fungus, which enriches the ground by its decay.

---

### A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

THIS is one of the *Tales from Shakespeare* written for young people by Charles and Mary Lamb.

Charles Lamb was born in London, in 1775. He was educated at the school of Christ's Hospital, and at the age of seventeen became a clerk in the office of the East India Company. There he remained until 1825, when he retired with a small pension. He was never married, but devoted his life to the care of his only sister, Mary Anne (1765-1847), who was subject to insane fits, in one of which she killed her mother. The *Essays of Elia* are the most famous of his writings. In conjunction with his sister he wrote a vol-



CHARLES LAMB.

ume of *Poetry for Children* (1809), besides these *Tales from Shakespeare*. He died on the 27th of December, 1834.

The *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, on which this story is founded, is one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's plays. It was probably written in 1594, when the poet was thirty years old.

**Page 32**, line 1.—*There was a law*, etc. Whether there was any such law in Athens in the prehistoric age when Theseus is said to have lived, we do not know; but long afterwards Solon made a law giving parents the power of life and death over their children.

**Page 33**, line 13.—*Theseus*. The name may be pronounced either Thē'-se-us, as on page 33, or Thē'-seus (a dissyllable), as the Greeks made it.

**Line 14**—*Duke*. The title is a modern one, but writers before Shakespeare applied it to Greeks and Romans. We find it in the Bible, in *Genesis*, xxxvi. 15, 1 *Chronicles*, i. 51, etc.

**Page 34**, line 59.—*Oberon*. The king of the fairies had been known by this name before the time of Shakespeare, but the poet

seems to have been the first to call the queen *Titania*. In *Romeo and Juliet* (see page 143) he gives her the name of *Mab*.

Line 65.—*Till all their fairy elves*, etc. Here, as in many other places, the language of Shakespeare is closely copied. He says (ii. 1. 30) :

“ all their elves for fear  
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.”

Line 69.—*A little changeling boy*. See on page 2, line 29.

Page 35, line 77.—*Ill met by moonlight*, etc. This is from the play (ii. 1. 60) :

“ Oberon. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.  
Titania. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence:  
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Oberon. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?

\* \* \* \* \*

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?  
I do but beg a little changeling boy,  
To be my henchman.”

Titania. Set your heart at rest:  
The fairy land buys not the child of me.

\* \* \* \* \*

Oberon. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove  
Till I torment thee for this injury.”

Line 88.—*Puck*. The description of this mischievous elf is from Shakespeare in all its details. Compare Puck's account of himself in the poem that follows (49-52).

Page 36, line 113.—*Love in Idleness*. That is, love in vain. The flower is the pansy, or heart's-ease, which is as familiar in this country as in England.

Line 119.—*Though it be a lion*, etc. Compare the play (ii. 1. 179) :

“ The next thing that she waking looks upon,  
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,  
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,  
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;  
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,  
As I can take it with another herb,  
I'll make her render up her page to me.”

Line 124.—*To his heart*. With all his heart, as we should say.

Page 37, line 151.—*Her fairy bower*. Shakespeare's description of it is very beautiful (ii. 2. 246) :

“ I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine :

There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,  
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight:  
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,  
Weed\* wide enough to wrap a fairy in."

Line 159.—*Cankers.* Shakespeare uses this for canker-worms, making Titania say (ii. 2. 1):

" Come, now a roundel† and a fairy song;  
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;  
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds,  
Some war with rere-mice‡ for their leathern wings,  
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back  
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders  
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep."

In the play the song has a second stanza, as follows:

" Weaving spiders, come not here;  
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!  
Beetles black, approach not near;  
Worm nor snail do no offence.  
Philomel, with melody," etc.

Page 40, line 235.—" *Oh!*" said she, etc. Compare the play (ii. 2. 123):

" Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?  
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?  
Is 't not enough, is 't not enough, young man,  
That I did never, no, nor never can,  
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,  
But you must flout§ my insufficiency?  
Good troth,|| you do me wrong,—good sooth, you do,—  
In such disdainful manner me to woo.  
But fare you well: perforce¶ I must confess  
I thought you lord of more true gentleness."

Here we follow the original text by printing *Oh!* Properly there is a distinction between *O* and *oh*, the former being an interjection of address, the latter of emotion (surprise, fear, pain, etc.); but *O* is now generally used in both senses, and *oh* is becoming obsolete.

Page 41, line 270.—*Fell to high words.* Began to quarrel.

Line 272.—*It is you have set.* That is, you who have set. Compare the play (iii. 2. 222):

\* Robe, garment; now used only of mourning apparel.

† Commonly a song, but here a dance in a *round*, or circle.

‡ Bats; as it is made in the story.

§ Mock, make sport of.

|| In truth; *troth* being the same word as *truth*. *Sooth* has the same meaning.

¶ Of necessity.

“ Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,  
 To follow me, and praise my eyes and face ?  
 And made your other love, Demetrius,—  
 Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,—  
 To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,  
 Precious, celestial ? Wherefore speaks he this  
 To her he hates ? and wherefore doth Lysander  
 Deny your love, so rich within his soul,  
 And tender me, forsooth, affection,  
 But by your setting on, by your consent ? ”

Line 283.—*In fashion of a double cherry.* This pretty simile is Shakespeare's (iii. 2. 208) :

“ So we grew together,  
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,  
 But yet an union in partition ;  
 Two lovely berries moulded on one stem.”

Line 289.—*Persevere.* In the play the word is *persever* (per-sěv'-er), as it was spelled and pronounced in the time of Shakespeare :

“ Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,  
 Make mouths upon me when I turn my back ;  
 Wink at each other ; hold the sweet jest up :  
 This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.  
 If you have any pity, grace, or manners,  
 You would not make me such an argument.”\*

**Page 42**, line 303.—*King of shadows.* Shakespeare's words (iii. 2. 347) : “ Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.” Compare page 49, line 2.

**Page 48**, line 333.—*Ah ! what angel*, etc. All the dialogue that follows is copied from the play, but, being made up of fragments taken from two different scenes (iii. 1 and iv. 1), it cannot be well illustrated by quotations.

**Page 44**, line 370.—*Marvellous hairy.* The expression is from the play, *marvellous* being used adverbially, as adjectives often were. See on page 21, line 168.

**Page 47**, line 416.—*Had before clouded.* What figure have we here ? See on page 9, line 146.

**Page 48**, line 453.—*If any are offended*, etc. This is suggested by what Puck says at the end of the play :

“ If we shadows have offended,  
 Think but this, and all is mended,—  
 That you have but slumbered here,  
 While these visions did appear.”

---

\* Subject (that is, of scorn or derision).

### THE MERRY PRANKS OF ROBIN GOOD-FELLOW.

THERE are several manuscript copies of this song, which has been attributed to Ben Jonson (1574-1637), though it is pretty certainly not his.

The metre is iambic and very regular.

**Page 49**, line 10.—*Ho, ho, ho!* This cry is ascribed to Robin in many of the stories.

**Line 11.**—*More swift than lightning.* What figure is this? See on page 5, line 34.

**Line 17.**—*Or cry, "Ware goblins!"* Another version reads "Nor cry, 'Ware Goblin!'" which probably means "Beware of Hobgoblin," or Puck himself, this being one of the names by which he was known. Robert Burton (1576-1640), in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, referring to fairies, says: "A bigger kind there is of them, called with us Hobgoblins and Robin Goodfellowes;" and the names are similarly joined by other writers of the time. *Hob*, by the way, is a corruption of *Rob* or *Robin*, as *Hodge* is of *Roger*.

**Line 20.**—*And send them home.* Another reading is, "And fear them home;" that is, frighten them. For this use of *fear*, compare Shakespeare, *Taming of the Shrew*, i. 2. 211: "Tush, tush! fear boys with bugs" (that is, bugbears).

**Line 21.**—*Whene'er such wanderers I meet, etc.* Another version of this stanza is as follows:

" If any wanderers I meet,  
 That from their night-sport do trudge home,  
 With counterfeiting voice I greet  
 And cause them on with me to roam;  
 Through woods, through lakes,  
 Through bogs, through brakes,  
 O'er bush and brier, with them I go;  
 I call upon  
 Them to come on,  
 And wend me laughing ho, ho, ho!"

**Page 50**, line 34.—*Trip and trot.* Of what is this an example? See on page 15, line 103.

**Line 38.**—*Lands.* Not so bad a rhyme with *ponds* as it seems, having been anciently written and pronounced *londs*. We often find *strand* for *strond* in the early editions of Shakespeare.

**Line 40.**—*Whirry.* It is *whinny* in some copies—perhaps a misprint.

**Line 42.**—*I card up their wool.* Many stories are told of the work

done at night by Robin for those to whom he took a liking, or who rewarded his services with cream, honey, etc. Thus in *L'Allegro* (see page 146), to "earn his cream-bowl,"

"in one night, ere glimpse of morn,  
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn  
That ten day-laborers could not end."

**Page 51**, line 52.—*We lend them what they do require.* In a little book published in 1628 under the title of *Robin Goodfellow, his mad pranks and merry jests*, etc., a female fairy named Sib says: "We often use to dwell in some great hill, and from thence we doe lend money to any poore man or woman that hath need; but if they bring it not againe at the day appointed, we doe not only punish them with pinching, but also in their goods, so that they never thrive till they have payd us."

Line 61.—*Queans.* Strange as it may seem, this word *quean*, meaning a worthless hussy, is the same word as *queen*, the original sense being simply "woman."

Line 62.—*Cog.* Deceive, cheat; now obsolete, but common in Shakespeare and other old writers. Compare *Much Ado*, v. 1. 95: "lie and cog and flout;" *Othello*, iv. 2. 132: "Some cogging, cozening slave," etc.

Line 65.—*Glose.* This word (sometimes spelled *glose*) is also used by Shakespeare, both as a noun and a verb. It is the same word as *gloss* (comment), and comes from a Greek word meaning the tongue; hence it refers to flattering and deceitful words rather than acts.

Line 69.—*Get me gone.* This, like *get thee gone*, *get you gone*, etc., was a common expression in old times. So we find *get thee hence*, *get you home*, *get you in*, etc.

Line 71.—*Engines.* The word *engine* was formerly used in a wider sense than at present, being applied to any instrument, implement, or mechanical contrivance. Shakespeare calls a rope-ladder an "engine" in *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, iii. 1. 38; and cannons are "mortal engines" (that is, deadly ones) in *Othello*, iii. 3. 355. In *Venus and Adonis*, 367, the tongue of the goddess is "the engine of her thoughts." *Gin* (line 75) is a contraction of *engine*.

Line 73.—*Who.* See on page 8, line 114. For *get* some copies have *set*, an old form of *fetch*.

**Page 52**, line 84.—*Chaunt.* Many words ending in *-ant* and *-ance* were formerly spelled and pronounced *-aunt* and *-aunce*.

Line 85.—*Gin.* Not to be printed as a contraction of *begin*, as it often is ('gin), being the original verb from which *begin* is formed.

Line 86.—*Fling*. Still used in the sense of rushing away suddenly or in displeasure.

Line 87.—*And babes new-born steal as we go*. See on page 2, line 29.

Line 88.—*An elf in bed*. As printed in Dana's *Household Book of Poetry* (page 534), the line strangely reads "And *shoes* in bed." The fairies are always represented as leaving their own elfin offspring in place of the babes they steal.

Line 91.—*Merlin's time*. See on page 16, line 1.

Line 98.—*Beldams*. The word *beldam* (or *beldame*) is the French *belle dame*, and originally meant "fair lady." Spenser employs it in that sense (*Faerie Queene*, iii. 2. 43). It came to be used ironically to denote a woman old and ugly; just as *wiseacre*, meaning a wise person, came to mean a fool. So *dunce* is from the name of *Duns Scotus*, the famous scholar and theologian of the 14th century.

Line 100.—*Vale*. The pronunciation given in the foot-note is the "English" one. As pronounced by most Latin scholars nowadays, it would be *Vah'-lay*.

## PRINCE CHERRY.

THIS is an old tale, like all the stories in Miss Mulock's *Fairy Book*.

**Page 53**, line 8.—*Had prepared*. That is, caused to be prepared. The *had* is not the auxiliary verb.

Line 19.—*Candide*. The name is French, and originally meant *white*, afterwards *fair, candid*.

**Page 54**, line 42.—*I cannot make him good*. Neither fairies nor magicians are supposed to have any direct power over the *soul* or spirit. They can only influence it indirectly, as the fairy does here.

**Page 55**, line 76.—*Re-entering*. The grammatical construction here is open to criticism. Why? Compare *arrived* in line 146.

Line 87.—*Sire*. An older form of *sir*, generally used in addressing kings.

**Page 56**, line 108.—*He did it*. What is the "antecedent" of *it*?

Line 114.—*That was her name*. What might be used instead of the *dashes* here?

**Page 59**, line 194.—*Had just been struck dead by a thunderbolt*. Of course the fairy had somehow caused the people to get this impression.

**Page 60**, line 222.—*Without rhyme or reason*. An old popular expression; in *alliterative* form, like many similar phrases. See on page 15, line 103. Compare Shakespeare, *Merry Wives*, v. 5. 133: “in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason;” *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 418: “Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much,” etc.

**Page 61**, line 280.—*O, how he wished*, etc. Is the form of the sentence here more forcible than the ordinary “declarative” form (“He earnestly wished himself,” etc.) would be? Explain. In the next sentence, note that the question is not an ordinary one, asking for information, but a rhetorical way of making a strong assertion. Why is it strong?

**Page 62**, line 288.—*Conscience pricked him*. Is *pricked* used in its literal sense? What is the figure?

**Page 63**, line 322.—*A thousand caresses*. In *thousand* we have a definite number used for an indefinite one. The word is not to be taken in its strict numerical sense, but simply suggests a great number; just as when we say “I have done it a hundred times,” instead of “I have done it very often.” In such cases we use only certain *round numbers*, like *twenty, fifty, a hundred, a thousand, ten thousand*, etc. This is a form of *metonymy*. See on page 12, line 8.

### QUEEN MAB.

THOMAS HOOD was born in London in 1798. After leaving school he was put into a counting-house, but he was not strong enough to endure the confinement to a desk. Later he attempted to learn the engraver’s trade, but this also he had to give up on account of his health. In 1821 he began his literary career as sub-editor of a magazine, and soon gained reputation by his comic writings. He was an invalid all his life, and poor until, in his last illness, he received a pension of £100 a year. He died on the 3d of May, 1845. He is chiefly known as a humorist, but it is by his serious poems that he will be longest remembered. *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies*, the most important of these, is a beautiful tribute to Shakespeare for giving immortality to these little creatures of popular fancy by his *Midsummer-Night’s Dream*.

This poem of *Queen Mab* is in iambic measure.

**Page 65**, line 7.—*From right to left*. Fairies, like magicians, make much use of their *wands*; and the direction in which the staff is waved often, as here, makes a great difference in the result. Compare line 22, where the wand is waved *from left to right*.

### ARIEL'S SONG.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England, in April, 1564. He probably spent some years in the grammar-school there. When he was eighteen he married Anne Hathaway, who was eight years older than himself. A few years later he went to London, where he became first an actor, then a writer of plays. After gaining fame and fortune in London, he returned to Stratford about the year 1612, and died there on the 23d of April, 1616. Besides the thirty-seven plays ascribed to him, he wrote two long poems—*Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*—a few shorter ones, and a hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets*.

This little *Song* is from *The Tempest*, where it is sung by the fairylike spirit, Ariel, when he is on the point of being set free by the noble magician Prospero, whose servant he has long been. He loves his master, but, like a captive bird, is impatient for liberty.

The metre of the poem is *trochaic*, the accent falling regularly on the *odd* syllables. See page 145.

---

### THE FAIRY TEMPTER.

SAMUEL LOVER (1798-1868) was a native of Dublin, Ireland. After being a miniature painter for some years, he devoted himself to literature, writing poems, novels, and plays. His songs are the best of his productions in verse, and *Handy Andy* is the most popular of his novels.

The metre of this poem is *anapestic* (see page 155), but the first three of the four short lines in each stanza are iambic.

---

### THE PRINCE WITH THE NOSE.

**Page 69**, line 6.—*A cat whom*. See on page 8, line 114.

**Page 70**, line 51.—*Her ladies tried to satisfy her*, etc. The flattery of courtiers is shown up in a very witty way here and elsewhere in the story.

**Page 72**, line 104.—*Cleopatra*. This famous beauty, though the daughter of an Egyptian king, was of pure Greek blood. She was born in the year 69 B.C., and is especially renowned for the power she gained over the Roman general Marc Antony. After his defeat

in the great naval battle of Actium (31 B.C.), she killed herself by causing an asp to bite her arm, that she might not be carried in triumph to Rome by the victor Octavianus.

**Page 74, line 171.**—*His horse, who.* See on page 8, line 114.

**Line 180.**—*One must be very foolish not to know one's own defects.* What is very amusing in this soliloquy of the prince?

**Page 76, line 230.**—*Since she was a good fairy, etc.* In the fairy stories goodness always wins in the end, though wickedness may get the better of it for a while.

### THE GREEN GNOME.

ROBERT BUCHANAN was born in Scotland in 1841, and is still living (1889). He was educated at the High School and University of Glasgow. His first book of poems appeared in 1860, and he has since published several volumes.

**Page 78, line 1.**—*Ring, sing!* etc. These opening lines are trochaic, and intended to imitate the sound of the bells.

**Line 2.**—*Thorough.* The earlier form of *through*, used for the sake of metre by Shakespeare and other old writers, and occasionally, as here, by modern ones.

**Line 5.**—*And I galloped*, etc. Here the metre changes to the “ballad measure” (see page 155). The long lines might be divided into two shorter ones, thus :

“ And I galloped and I galloped  
On my palfrey white as milk;  
My robe was of the sea-green woof,  
My serk was of the silk,” etc.

**Line 6.**—*Sea-green.* See on page 9, line 146.

*Sark* is a more common form than *serk*.

**Page 79, line 13.**—*A silver runnel.* What figure have we in *silver*? Can you give other examples of the word used figuratively? If the idea is not the same in each, explain the difference.

**Line 14.**—*The green gnome.* These earth-spirits are sometimes represented as of this complexion.

**Line 22.**—*Sing, sing!* etc. Note the variation from the form in line 1, introduced for musical effect.

**Line 28.**—*And as I named the Blessed Name*, etc. In some cases the fairies are regarded as evil spirits, to whom anything sacred is repugnant. The sign of the cross, the utterance of a prayer, the touch of holy water, puts them to flight. It is only unbaptized babes

that they can steal, or a Bible under the pillow protects the child. Other accounts represent them as wishing to have their children baptized and made Christians. An old English writer tells of some "green children" near Bury St. Edmunds that "lost their green hue, and were baptized, and learned English." He adds that "they said their country was called St. Martin's Land, as that saint was chiefly worshipped there; that the people were Christians and had churches." In Sweden, the *Neck*, or water-elf, is described as anxious about his soul's redemption. Keightley says that the following story is told in all parts of Sweden: "Two boys were one time playing near a river that ran by their father's house. The Neck rose and sat on the surface of the water, and played on his harp; but one of the children said to him, 'What is the use, Neck, of your sitting there and playing? You will never be saved.' The Neck then began to weep bitterly, flung away his harp, and sank down to the bottom. The children went home and told the whole story to their father, who was the parish priest. He said they were wrong to say so to the Neck, and desired them to go immediately back to the river, and console him with the promise of salvation. They did so; and when they came down to the river the Neck was sitting on the water weeping and lamenting. They then said to him, 'Neck, do not grieve so; our father says that your Redeemer liveth also.' The Neck then took his harp, and played most sweetly until long after the sun was gone down." In another form of this legend, a priest says to the Neck, "Sooner will this cane which I hold in my hand grow flowers than thou shalt attain salvation." The Neck in grief flung away his harp and wept, and the priest rode on. But soon his cane began to put forth leaves and blossoms, and he then went back to tell the glad tidings to the Neck, who now joyously played on his harp all the night.

Some stories of the opposite character are amusing. According to one of them, an elf carrying his treasure home lays it down beside the road to rest. Two straws accidentally fall upon it *one across the other*. The elf cannot pick it up now, and asks a man who comes along to remove the straws; but the man is bright enough to understand the predicament, and, carefully taking up the rich load without disturbing the cross formed by the straws, goes off with it, to the great disgust and wrath of the helpless owner.

In the present instance, the green gnome is a human being who has been carried off to Fairyland, and whom the prayer of the maiden to "Him who died for men" releases from the enchantment. Scott gives several similar tales in his introduction to *The Young Tamlane* in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*.

**Page 80**, line 30.—*His beard was gold*. Of what figure is this an example? What other figure in the line?

Line 37.—*Dewy eyes*. Explain the figurative use of the adjective.

Line 39.—*Wind*. The rhyme often requires this word to be pronounced with the long sound of the vowel. There are very few words that can rhyme with it when it has its ordinary pronunciation. Mention any of them. Give examples of words that have no rhymes in English (excluding proper names and combinations of words).

---

### THE HAUNTED SPRING.

THIS is a familiar kind of story in many different countries. In some cases the mortal who is captivated by the fairy is supposed to live happily with her in Elfinland; but sometimes she only lures him to destruction.

The metre is iambic, with some variations.

**Page 81**, line 3.—*Milk-white*. See on *death-white*, in note on page 9, line 146.

Line 8.—*Was on the hunter's track*. In some collections of poetry this reads “*Were* on the hunter's track,” which may be what Lover wrote. Why is it ungrammatical?

Line 11.—*'Scaped*. The word is here properly printed as a contraction of *escaped*; but in editions of Shakespeare and other old writers the apostrophe should be omitted, as *scape* was then in use as a simple verb in both prose and poetry.

Line 19.—*In robe of white*. Certain fairies are known as *White Ladies*, from their dress; like the “*White Lady of Avenel*” in Scott's novel of *The Monastery*.

Line 21.—*She kissed a cup*, etc. After the old fashion in “pledging” or “drinking a toast.” Compare Scott's *Lochinvar*: “The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up,” etc.

**Page 82**, line 32.—*But since that day*, etc. That is, since that day *when*, or *on which*, etc.

*Chase*, for the animal chased, is an example of *metonymy*. See on page 12, line 8.

Line 35.—*Within the hills so green*. Lover has the following note here: “Fays and fairies are supposed to have their dwelling-places within old green hills.” The dwarfs of the German tales are sometimes called *hill-men* or *hill-people*. In many districts certain hills are pointed out as the abodes of these beings.



ÉDOUARD RENÉ LÉFEBVRE LABOULAYE.

#### POUCINET.

ÉDOUARD RENÉ LÉFEBVRE LABOULAYE was born at Paris, January 18, 1811. He studied law, and in 1849 he was appointed a professor of law in the College of France. He took a prominent part in politics, and was an ardent republican. He gave much time to the study of American institutions, and during our Civil War was a warm friend of the Union cause. Among his most noted works are a *Political History of the United States*, *Paris in America*, *Prince Caniche* (a political satire), and the two volumes of *Fairy Tales*, told for the entertainment of his grandchildren, and translated into English by his friend, Miss M. L. Booth. He died on the 25th of May, 1883.

*Poucinet* belongs to the *Tom Thumb* and *Hop-o'-my-thumb* class of tales, which are found in many lands. The name *Poucinet* is derived from the French *pouce*, meaning thumb.

**Page 84, line 22.**—*Six glass windows.* The absurdity of this small number of windows is like the washing in beer and shaving with honey below.

Line 33.—*Lighted.* That is, by artificial light.

**Page 85, line 48.**—*The monopoly of royalty.* The exclusive privilege of monarchs.

**Page 86, line 75.**—*Noticing and studying all he saw.* This is the secret of the little fellow's success. He keeps his eyes and ears open, and knows how to make good use of what he sees and hears.

Line 76.—*Ferreting.* Searching or hunting like a ferret. Metaphors taken from the names of animals are common, not only in books but in every-day speech. Such use of *hog, bear, fox, goose*, will occur to young people at once, and they can easily extend the list. Here the metaphor takes the form of a verb, as in *dog*, to follow like a dog.

**Page 87, line 99.**—*Imp.* The word is here used as a term of reproach or contempt; but originally it meant simply "scion, offspring." Compare Spenser, *Faerie Queene*, i. 9. 6: "'Well worthy impe,' said then the Lady;" *Id. iii. 5. 53*: "Fayre ympes of beaute," etc.

**Page 88, line 127.**—*Chicken.* A contemptuous metaphor of the class mentioned just above (on line 76).

**Page 89, line 181.**—*For long years I have been waiting for thee.* This repetition of the dialogue with the axe and the pickaxe and the spring is after the manner of these popular tales.

**Page 90, line 199.**—*Too bright.* An example of irony, or putting reproach or ridicule in the form of praise. Why is it more cutting than *direct reproach*?

Line 203.—*And he rubbed his hands.* An instance of the language of gesture or action. What does it express?

Line 215.—*Know all men by these presents.* A form used in the beginning of legal notices. *These presents* means "the words here written, this very document."

**Page 91, line 225.**—*The placard.* In the cut, the word *avis* at the top of the placard is the French word for "notice."

**Page 94, line 336.**—*Fortune is blind.* It was he himself who had been blind; but this is the way such people always explain the success of those who make good use of the opportunities they themselves have neglected.

Line 342.—*Being in favor.* This seems at first to refer to the chamberlain, but of course it really refers to Poucinet. See on page 55, line 76.

**Page 96**, line 369.—*As fair as a lily*, etc. Of what figure are these examples?

**Page 97**, line 383.—*Leathern*. Elsewhere the translator uses the more familiar *leather*. Many of these old adjectives in *-en* or *-n* are either obsolete or rare, the nouns from which they are derived having come to be used instead. We say a *gold ring*, not a *golden ring*; a *silver spoon*, not *silvern*; *lead pipe*, etc. *Golden* is commonly figurative now ("golden light," "golden hours," "golden opportunities," etc.), and so with *leaden* and some other of these adjectives.

**Line 407**.—*As dull as he was big*. As the giants always are in the stories. The bright little fellows, like Poucinet, Hop-o'-my-thumb, and Jack the Giant-Killer, are always a match for these stupid monsters.

**Page 99**, line 431.—*It is a stone*. This kind of falsehood is regarded as allowable in dealing with giants in fairy tales. The trick that Poucinet resorts to afterwards, in putting the food into his bag instead of his stomach, appears in several other familiar stories.

**Line 456**.—*Nonplussed*. The word is derived from the Latin *non*, not, and *plus*, more. A person is said to be *at a nonplus* when he is unable to say or do anything more; and the verb is similarly used, as here.

**Page 101**, line 484.—*An ostrich's stomach*. The ostrich swallows stones, bits of iron or glass, etc., to help digest its food, and hence it has become proverbial for its tough "stomach."

**Page 102**, line 529.—*The court journal*. A newspaper, like the London *Court Journal*, giving the news and gossip of the court and courtly society.

**Page 103**, line 556.—*It was strength in the service of intellect*. This might almost be called the moral of the whole story. All the success of Poucinet is due to his mental power, which makes up for his bodily deficiencies. "The mind 's the measure of the man."

**Line 557**.—*An extravagansa*. The meaning of the word is shown by what follows—a trial to "see which can tell the greatest falsehood."

**Page 104**, line 574.—*Twenty-foot pole*. It was once good English to say, "it measures twenty foot," "it weighs ten pound," etc., and we can still say "a twenty-foot pole," "a ten-pound weight," etc.

**Page 105**, line 598.—*That is too much!* The king is evidently an old fool, and his daughter knows it; but it is a credit to her filial affection that she will not let people make fun of him.

**Page 106**, line 609.—*Who would have guessed that?* Not the dull giant of course; but his admiration of his bright little master is characteristic.

Line 611.—*In a more tremulous voice.* Why is her voice tremulous?

Line 624.—*Make a sign*, etc. The giant thinks he sees a chance to help his master, but “intellect” is still able to take care of itself without the aid of “strength.”

Line 631.—*I ventured to think*, etc. Poucinet’s uniform courtesy and politeness are to be noted. They are in keeping with his other traits.

**Page 107**, line 639.—*As much*—. What was Poucinet probably going to say? Why did the princess interrupt him?

Line 646.—*Right!* Why is the king’s reply in keeping with *his* character?

Line 648.—*Duke*. A higher rank than that of *marquis*, already conferred upon him (line 320). In England a duke is next in rank to a prince.

Line 656.—*In the day after*. That is, in the married life that follows, which may or may not be happy.

Line 666.—*Colored glass*. Used to give varied effect to the illuminations.

**Page 108**, line 684.—*Incredible as this fact may seem*. We must bear in mind that Laboulaye was a Frenchman. There is a humorous hit here at the frequency of revolutions in France.

Line 696.—*The moral*. Many of the old fairy tales have no moral, properly so called, being intended solely for entertainment. Modern stories of the kind are often written for the sake of impressing a moral.

---

### THE GATHERING OF THE FAYS.

JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE was born in the city of New York, August 7, 1795. At the age of five he “composed highly admired conundrums, and at ten wrote some promising juvenile poems.” At eighteen he began the study of medicine, and in 1816 was married and went to Europe. His charming poem, *The Culprit Fay*, from which an extract is given here, was written in his twenty-first year, and, according to a letter to his sister, was finished in three days. *The American Flag*, his best-known poem, was written in 1819. Soon after this he showed symptoms of consumption, and made a journey to the South, from which he returned only to die on the 21st of September, 1820. On his death-bed he expressed a wish that his poems might be burned, but they were fortunately preserved to delight many generations of readers.

The metre of this extract is anapestic (page 155), with variations.



JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE.

**Page 109, line 1.**—*The middle watch.* At sea the time is divided into *watches*, or periods of four hours. The first *night-watch* begins at 8 P.M. and ends at midnight; the second or *middle watch* is from midnight to 4 A.M.

**Line 6.**—*A river of light.* Carrying out the metaphor of the *flood* in the preceding line.

*Welkin* is a poetical word, being seldom used in prose.

**Line 8.**—*His shaggy breast.* The mountain is *personified*, or described as if it were a living being. *Personification* is a common form of figurative language, and is often carried out more in detail than in this instance.

**Line 15.**—*Like starry twinkles, etc.* What is the figure here?

**Line 16.**—*Rack.* The word, now obsolete (though used occasionally in poetry), is properly applied only to cloud *in motion*.

**Line 17.**—*The stars are on the moving stream.* That is, their reflected images are there; an example of a common form of *metonymy*, “the cause put for the effect.” So we speak of walking “in the sun” when we mean in the sunlight. Sometimes the effect is put for the cause; as when we say that “gray hairs should be respected,” meaning that *old age* should be respected.

Line 40.—*Eel-like*. Here, as often, we have a simile in an adjective compounded with *like*.

Page 110, line 21.—*Whist*. Hushed; the word being the past participle of the old verb *whist*, to keep silence or put to silence. Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey (1515-1547), in his translation of Virgil's *Aeneid* (ii. 1) writes "They whisted all" (became silent). Compare Holinshed, *Description of Ireland*, 1577: "All the companie must be whist" (silent).

Line 25.—*Katydid*. This name, like *whippoorwill*, is an attempt to imitate the note of the creature. What other instances of the kind can you mention?

Line 27.—*Who mourns*. See on page 8, line 114.

Line 28.—*Wail and woe*. Of what is this an example? Compare line 30 below.

Line 29.—*Morning spreads her rosy wings*. What is the figure here? See on page 109, line 8.

Line 31.—*Ban*. Fairies, as we have seen, could exercise a malignant influence at times, putting persons under a *ban*, or evil spell. See on page 79, line 28.

Line 32.—*The wood-tick*. The dictionaries do not give the word, but the description shows that the insect called the *death-watch* is meant. This is a small beetle (known to scientific men as the *Anobium tessellatum*) whose "ticking" is supposed by superstitious and ignorant people to prognosticate death. To produce the sound the animal raises itself on its hind-legs and beats its head forcibly against what it stands upon. The ticking is said to be the call of the male insect to its mate, and, if not answered, to be repeated in another place. The number of successive strokes is usually from seven to eleven. Dean Swift (1667-1745) gives the following fanciful description of the creature:—

"A wood worm  
That lies in old wood, like a hare in her form,  
With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch,  
And chambermaids christen this worm a death-watch,  
Because, like a watch, it always cries click:  
Then woe be to those in the house who are sick;  
For as sure as a gun they will give up the ghost,  
If the maggot cries click when it scratches the post.  
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected,  
Infallibly cures the timber affected;  
The omen is broken, the danger is over,  
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover."

Compare Tennyson, *May Queen* 117: "I did not hear the dog howl, mother, or the death-watch beat."

Line 35.—*Elve*. The singular form is commonly *elf*, but *elve* is also used, and is preferred here for the sake of the rhyme.

Line 47.—*Silver tops*. Explain the metaphor. What figure in *moon-touched?*

Page 111, line 50.—*Hum-bird*. A less familiar name for the *humming-bird*, used here because it suits the metre better.

Line 52.—*Rainbow breast*. What is the figure? Explain.

Line 55.—*Ising-stars*. The word may have been coined by Drake. It is not in the dictionaries, and we have not met with it elsewhere.

Line 57.—*Stole*. The proper form of the participle now is *stolen*, but *stole* was also used in former times. Compare *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 73:

“ Most sacrilegious murder hath broke ope  
The Lord’s anointed temple, and stole thence  
The life o’ the building !”

Here we have *broke* for *broken*, as well as *stole* for *stolen*. Poets nowadays take the liberty of using these *archaic* (old-fashioned) forms for metrical or other reasons.

Line 61.—*Tricky*. The word means either “full of tricks, playful,” or “dainty, elegant,” as here. This latter meaning is connected with the obsolete sense of the noun *trick* (toy or pretty trifle), which we find in Shakespeare and other early writers. Compare *Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3. 67: “A knack [knicknack], a toy, a trick, a baby’s cap.” We still use the verb *trick* in the sense of “dress, decorate,” especially in the phrase *trick out*.

---

## O, WHERE DO FAIRIES HIDE THEIR HEADS?

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY (1797-1839) was a native of Bath, England, and wrote many plays and poems. His songs, of which this is a specimen, are particularly graceful and musical. His epitaph, written by Theodore Hook (1788-1842) says of him: “He was a kind parent, an affectionate husband, a popular author, and an accomplished gentleman.”

Page 112, line 6.—*In circles*. Alluding to the “fairy rings.” See on page 31, line 47.

Line 13.—*In red Vesuvius*. Like the salamanders, or fire-spirits. See page 144.

Line 23.—*No keyhole will be fairy-proof*. Compare page 30, line 10, and quotation from Gay, page 147.

## THE FAIRY CRAWFISH.

LABOULAYE calls this an *Esthonian* fairy-tale (Esthonia, or Revel, being a district in Russia, of which the seaport Revel is one of the principal towns), but similar stories are found in Germany and other countries.

**Page 113, line 4.**—*As poor as Job.* A simile that has become proverbial, like “as meek as Moses,” and others of Biblical origin which will readily occur to the young reader.

Line 8.—*The spouse of the patriarch.* See *Job*, ii. 9, 10.

**Page 114, line 23.**—*The charming Masicas.* Of what is this an example? See on page 90, line 199.

Line 38.—*Windfall.* What did the word originally mean, as shown by its composition? What does it mean here?

Line 42.—*Sepulchral.* What figure is this?

**Page 115, line 47.**—*It would blunt the teeth of a wolf.* What is the point of this? Loppi was not a wolf.

Line 67.—*Leading you by the nose.* Is this literal or figurative language? Point out similar instances in the lines that follow, explaining each.

**Page 116, line 101.**—*Crawfish, dear friend, etc.* The *invocations*, or forms by which fairies are called up, are generally in verse. The word *charm* is derived, through the French, from the Latin *carmen*, song; and *enchantment* and *incantation* are both from the Latin *cantare*, to sing.

**Page 118, line 128.**—*A feast fit for an alderman.* In England the name of *alderman* is proverbially associated with good living. This was doubtless suggested by the city dinners of lord mayors and aldermen in London, which have always been of a sumptuous character.

Line 130.—*The honeymoon.* The first month after marriage. The use of *moon* for *month* (compare *Othello*, i. 3. 84: “Till now some nine moons wasted,” etc.) is an instance of *metonymy*. See on page 109, line 17.

Line 136.—*To all eternity.* An example of *hyperbole*, or highly exaggerated language. The word is from the Greek and means “excess,” or literally a “throwing beyond.” It goes beyond the exact truth, often far beyond it; but we generally see that it is figurative, not literal, and so are not deceived by it. When a boy says, “It will take me forever to get this lesson,” and another replies, “I can get mine in less than no time,” there is no danger that they will misunderstand each other. It is a bad habit, however, to use hy-

perboles as often as many young people do. If we waste our strongest forms of speech on trivial subjects, they will seem weak and inexpressive when the occasion really requires them. Hyperbole is common in the Bible. See, for instance, *Matthew*, xix. 24, xxiii. 24, *Luke*, xix. 40, 44, *John*, iv. 29, *Galatians*, iv. 15, etc. It is in keeping with the glowing Oriental style; but with us it is considered out of place except in expressions of intense feeling.

Page 120, line 156.—*Nothing for myself*, etc. This is what the honest Loppi says every time he is sent to the fairy. His simple tastes are in marked contrast to the ever-growing ambition of Masicas.

Line 172.—*These halcyon days*. This is an example of "classical allusion," as it is called. We may learn that *halcyon* means "peaceful, serene," as the foot-note on page 120 tells us; but we shall not fully appreciate the significance of the word unless we know the old classical\* myth to which it alludes. Halcyone (Häl-si'-o-nē) was the daughter of Æolus (E'-o-lüs), god of the winds, and became the wife of Ceyx (Sē'ix), King of Thessaly. Her husband was shipwrecked and drowned; and the gods, in pity for her deep grief at his loss, changed them both into the birds called kingfishers. During the days when these birds are brooding upon their floating nests, the sea is calm and smooth, the winds being kept in confinement by Æolus. There are many references to these "halcyon days" in ancient and modern poetry. One of the most beautiful is in Milton's *Hymn on the Nativity*:

" But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of Light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began;  
The winds, with wonder whist,  
Smoothly the waters kissed,  
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean,†  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave."

Line 173.—*The horizon darkened*, etc. Is this to be understood literally? Explain.

Line 175.—*This tortoise*. What figure is this. See on line 136.

\* *Classical* means "belonging to the first or highest class, especially in literature," and is particularly applied to Greek and Roman authors. *Classical learning* commonly means a knowledge of Greek and Latin literature; *classical mythology* is Greek and Roman mythology, etc.

† *Ocean* is here a trisyllable, as the metre and rhyme require. In the time of Milton and Shakespeare, words with -e or -i followed by another vowel in the ending (like *ocean*, *patience*, *soldier*, *nation*, etc.) were often thus lengthened in pronunciation.

Point out another example (*not* from Masicas) a few lines further on.

**Page 122**, line 209.—*On a grand scale.* So the cheap mugs, spoons, and forks would seem to Loppi, and even to Masicas at this time.

**Page 123**, line 220.—*But how could one resist, etc.* Is this an ordinary question, asked for the sake of obtaining information? See on page 61, line 280; and compare page 124, line 241, and page 125, line 276.

**Line 223.**—*There was not a neighbor, etc.* What is the point of this parenthesis?

**Page 124**, line 231.—*I dine like a princess, and dress like a beggar.* Besides the similes, we have here an example of *antithesis* (a Greek word meaning a setting against or opposite), the contrast or opposition of words or sentiments. It is a common figure and a forcible one when judiciously used. A good example of it is the Earl of Rochester's lines on Charles II. of England:

“He never says a foolish thing,  
Nor ever does a wise one;”

or Pope's often-quoted line, “To err is human, to forgive divine.”

**Line 241.**—*To shine, etc.* Explain the figure.

**Line 246.**—*As though.* Here, as in many similar cases, *as if* would be better; but *as though* is tolerated by good authorities.

**Page 125**, line 275.—*Desires beget desires.* This is the chief moral of the story. Masicas says just below (line 288), “With this, I shall have nothing left to desire;” but we see how her ambition “grows with what it feeds upon.”

**Page 126**, line 289.—*The string that is drawn too tight, etc.* What has this to do with the subject? Explain.

**Page 127**, line 295.—*Always go to the wall.* Is this to be understood literally? Explain?

**Line 303.**—*The tempest.* What is the figure?

**Line 307.**—*However violent might be the remedy, etc.* Of what is this an example? See on page 124, line 231.

**Line 309.**—*At bay.* This is a metaphor taken from deer-hunting. When a stag, driven to extremity, turns round and faces his pursuers, he is said to *turn to bay* or *stand at bay*. Compare Scott, *Lady of the Lake*, i. 131:

“The hunter marked that mountain high,  
The lone lake's western boundary,  
And deemed the stag must turn to bay  
Where that huge rampart barred the way.”

It is often used figuratively ; as in the same poem, iv. 690, where Fitz-James, when pursued by Rhoderick Dhu's men, exclaims :

“ The chase is up—but they shall know  
The stag at bay’s a dangerous foe ! ”

Compare Shakespeare, *1 Henry VI.* iv. 2. 52 :

“ Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of steel,  
And make the cowards stand aloof at bay.”

**Page 128**, line 351.—*Was at her feet.* Is this literal language ? Explain.

Line 354.—*English cows*, etc. There is something of French satire in this description.

**Page 129**, line 371.—*More stubborn than a mule.* See on page 86, line 76.

**Page 130**, line 400.—*Prince consort.* The term is defined in the foot-note. A familiar illustration of it, in our day, was the late Prince Albert, who married Queen Victoria in 1840. “ The title of Consort of Her Most Gracious Majesty was conferred upon him in 1842 ; and that of Prince Consort, in 1857, made him a prince of the United Kingdom.”

**Page 132**, line 406.—*At the top of the ladder.* Explain the figure.

Line 413.—*Sick to death.* Of what is this an example ? See on page 118, line 136.

Line 414.—*Platitudes.* Flat or insipid compliments. The word is derived from the French *plat*, meaning flat, which we have also in *plate*, *platter*, *platform*, *plateau*, etc. The French word comes from a Greek one of the same sense.

Line 417.—*A crown.* That is, royal power, of which the crown is the sign or symbol. This is another familiar form of *metonymy* (“ the sign for the thing signified ”). See on page 12, line 8.

Line 419.—*God himself.* In another version of the story, the Queen desires to be pope ; and the result is the same as here.

**Page 134**, line 480.—*The fury.* This is another instance of “ classical allusion ” (see on page 120, line 172). In the Greek mythology, the *Furies* were three goddesses that tormented guilty persons who escaped or defied human justice. Their heads were wreathed with serpents, and their whole appearance was frightful. They were dreaded by both gods and men. Hence the name of *Fury* has become a metaphor for a woman of fierce and malignant disposition, or one who, as here, gives way to a fit of insane anger.

**Page 135**, line 499.—*He spoke truly.* We may believe this,

strange as it seems at first. Good, simple Loppi loved the vixen in spite of her faults and caprices. The characters of both are true to nature, and well depicted in the story. The "moral" is so evident that young readers will have no difficulty in seeing it.

---

### A MAY SONG.

MISS MARY A. LATHBURY is a resident of New York City and a contributor to *Harper's Young People*, from which this little poem is taken. The illustration on page 136 is also hers.

The metre of the song is trochaic. See page 145.

Page 187, line 2.—*All the songs of all the birds are in my heart to-day.* What does this mean?

Line 5.—*Hark! the fairies' bugle-song!* Perhaps suggested by the beautiful "bugle-song" in *The Princess* by Tennyson:

"O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from cliff and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!"

Line 6.—*Tiny threads of song.* Explain the figure.

Line 9.—*The Princess May.* Of what is this an example? See on page 109, line 8. What other examples in the lines that follow?

Line 10.—*Fairy rings.* See on page 31, line 47.

Line 11.—*Laugh with light.* What figure in this expression, and in *dance with daisies*?

---

### A FAIRY TALE.

MISS JESSIE McDERMOTT is another contributor to *Harper's Young People*, and resides in New York City. She writes and draws with equal grace and facility, as this pretty tale and its illustrations amply prove.

The metre of the poem is iambic. See page 150.

Page 188, line 7.—*Mr. Fee-fo-fum.* Suggested by the words ascribed to the giant in the tale of *Jack the Giant-Killer*:

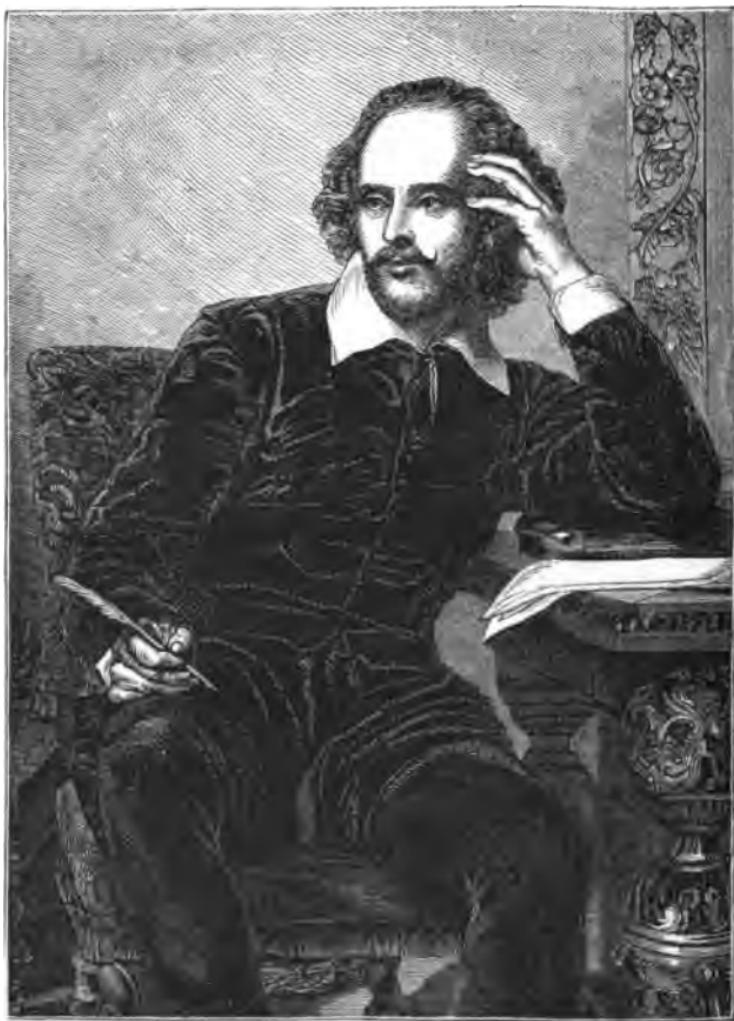
"Fa-fe-fi-fo-fum!  
I smell the blood of an Englishman!"

**Page 139**, line 10.—*Change me to a cat.* This is a common transformation in fairy tales. See page 70, line 28.

**Page 140**, line 34.—*Good-by.* A contraction of *God be with you*, the old form of farewell. In the early editions of Shakespeare it often appears as *God buy you*, which shows that the origin of it was even then forgotten.



ALFRED TENNYSON.



**WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (AFTER FAED).**

## INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

---

a-hunting, 146, 155.  
airy, 1.  
alderman, feast fit for, 178.  
Allingham, William, 145.  
alliteration, 152, 166.  
allusion, classical, 179.  
anachronism, 155.  
anaesthetic metre, 155, 167.  
anisette, 122.  
antidote, 47.  
antithesis, 180.  
argument (=subject), 162.  
Ariel, 144, 167.  
arras, 149.  
Arthur, King, 153.  
as though, 180.  
at bay, 127, 180.  
atomies, 144.  
avidity, 61.  
  
ballad measure, 155, 168.  
ban, 110, 176.  
bay, at, 127.  
Bayly, Thomas Haynes, 177.  
be (=are), 156.  
beaker, 13.  
beldams, 52, 165.  
blanching, 14.  
blind-worm, 37.  
brakes, 50.  
brewing-copper, 35.  
brownie, 156.  
Buchanan, Robert, 168.  
bugle-song, fairies', 182.  
burgher, 90.  
  
Caldon-Low, 155.  
Candide, 53, 165.  
canker (=canker-worm), 37, 161.  
caprices, 130.  
carven, 13, 152.  
cat (changed to a), 183.  
changelings, 146, 160, 165.  
charmed (=enchanted), 13, 111.  
chase (=doe), 82, 170.  
chaunt, 52, 164.  
cheat (=coarse bread), 158.

cherry-pit, 154.  
chicken (figure), 172.  
classical, 179.  
Cleopatra, 72, 167.  
close (noun), 14.  
cockles, 31.  
cog (=cheat), 51, 164.  
Columkill, 2.  
comfortable (=comforting), 35.  
corn (=wheat), 26, 156.  
court journal, 173.  
cover (=dish), 5.  
crab (=crab-apple), 35.  
crawfish, 114.  
croft, 27.  
Cro'nest, 109.  
crown (=royal power), 181.  
crystallized, 112.  
  
dales, 78.  
dank, 27.  
death-watch, 176.  
death-white, 150.  
debate (=dispute), 51.  
default, 93.  
delf, 5.  
dells, 78.  
dewy (figure), 170.  
Diana and Endymion, 148.  
distaff, 105.  
donjon tower, 149.  
dotage, 46.  
double (=forked), 37.  
doublet, 17, 153.  
Drake, Joseph Rodman, 174.  
duke, 159, 174.  
dunce, 165.  
dungeon, 149.  
dwarfs, 144, 154, 170.  
  
edit, 6.  
eel-like, 176.  
elfin, 111.  
elve, 177.  
elves, 143.  
enamelled, 37.  
enamoured, 44.

engines, 51, 164.  
 epaulets, 96.  
 epithalamium, 107.  
 espouse, 56.  
 Estonian, 178.  
 extravaganza, 103, 173.  
 fairies, 143.  
 fairies (Christian), 169.  
 fairies (evil), 168.  
 fairy-rings, 158, 177, 182.  
 fays, 143.  
 fear (=frighten), 163.  
 Fee-fo-fum, Mr., 182.  
 fells, 78.  
 fell to high words, 161.  
 ferreting, 86, 172.  
 fet (=fetch), 164.  
 figures of speech, 152.  
 fling, 165.  
 flout, 161.  
 forsown, 35.  
 four-o'clock, 111.  
 furmenty, 20, 154.  
 fury (classical), 181.  
 genius, 123.  
 gentleness, 40.  
 get me gone, 164.  
 gin (=begin), 52, 164.  
 gin (=trap), 51, 164.  
 glade, 111.  
 glimspings, 13, 152.  
 gloze, 51, 164.  
 gnomes, 144, 168, 169.  
 Goblin (=Puck), 163.  
 gold (figure), 170.  
 golden (figure), 173.  
 good-by, 183.  
 good folk (=fairies), 146.  
 gossip (=old woman), 36.  
 green (fairy dress), 16.  
 guillotined, 23, 155.  
 guise, 52.  
 hag (=witch), 49.  
 hag-bred, 52.  
 halberd, 96.  
 halcyon, 120, 179.  
 heyday, 52.  
 hill-men, 170.  
 Hob (=Rob), 163.  
 Hobgoblin (=Puck), 163.  
 ho, ho, ho, 163.  
 hold up (=keep up), 41.  
 honeymoon, 178.  
 Hood, Thomas, 166.  
 Howitt, Mary, 155.  
 hum-bird, 177.  
 hyperbole, 178.  
 iambic metre, 150.  
 ignominiously, 72.  
 imp, 172.  
 impediment, 76.  
 imperturbable, 74.  
 indignity, 105.  
 in the nick, 50.  
 irony, 172.  
 ising-stars, 111, 177.  
 jangling, 42.  
 katydid, 176.  
 keep (=donjon), 149.  
 kelpies, 144.  
 kennel (=gutter), 20.  
 kirk, 80.  
 kissing the cup, 170.  
 kobolds, 144.  
 Knights of the Round Table, 154.  
 Laboulaye, Edouard R. L., 171.  
 laced, 96.  
 ladies of honor, 8.  
 Lamb, Charles, 158.  
 " Mary, 158.  
 lands (rhyme), 163.  
 Lathbury, Mary A., 182.  
 leant, 15, 152.  
 leapt, 14, 152.  
 leathern, 173.  
 lichen, 110.  
 literal language, 152.  
 little men, 146.  
 love in idleness (pansy), 160.  
 Lover, Samuel, 167.  
 low (=small hill), 25.  
 Mab, Queen, 143, 160, 166.  
 manchet, 31, 157.  
 marvellous (adverb), 162.  
 Mataquin, 7.  
 McDermott, Jessie, 182.  
 Merlin, 153, 165.  
 metaphor, 150.  
 metaphors, animal, 172.  
 methinks, 44.  
 metonymy, 151, 166, 170, 175, 178, 182.  
 middle watch, 174.  
 Midsummer-Night's Dream, 159.  
 milk-sop, 126.  
 milk-white (figure), 170.  
 minim, 111.  
 minstrelsy, 31.  
 moon (=month), 178.  
 Mulock, Dinah Maria, 148.  
 mystic, 139.  
 mythology, 143.  
 neck (water-elf), 169.  
 newts, 37.  
 nick, 50.  
 nixies, 144.  
 nonplussed, 99, 173.  
 not . . . neither, 153.

O, 161.  
 Oberon, 159.  
 ocean (trisyllable), 179.  
 oh, 161.  
 ordeal, 103.  
 oriel, 13.  
 ostrich's stomach, 173.  
 perforse, 161.  
 persever, 162.  
 personification, 175.  
 Philomel, 38.  
 plaint, 110.  
 platitudes, 181.  
 points (=laces), 17, 153.  
 poltroon, 127.  
 poor as Job, 178.  
 Poucinet, 171.  
 presents, these, 172.  
 prest, 152.  
 prince consort, 130, 181.  
 prisms, 13, 151.  
 prithee, 29.  
 Puck, 160.  
 queans, 51, 164.  
 rabbit-hutch, 53.  
 rack (=moving cloud), 109, 175.  
 rate (=rank), 44.  
 relapsed, 133.  
 rere-mice, 161.  
 Revel, 113.  
 rhyme, 145.  
 " double, 145.  
 " imperfect, 155.  
 " single, 145.  
 rhyme or reason, 166.  
 rift, 109.  
 river of light, 175.  
 Robin Goodfellow, 163.  
 rood (=cross), 15, 152.  
 Rosses, 2.  
 roundel, 161.  
 runnel, 79.  
 rushy, 1.  
 saamander, 144.  
 sampler, 41.  
 sark, 168.  
 scape, 170.  
 sea-green, 168.  
 sepulchral, 114.  
 serk, 78, 168.  
 Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, 148.  
 shadows (=spirits), 42, 162.  
 Shakespeare, William, 167.  
 shelvy, 110.  
 shows (=appears), 152.  
 silver (figure), 168, 177.  
 simile, 149.  
 sire, 165.  
 Slieveleague, 2.  
 sloes, 80.  
 snubs, 71.  
 sooth, 161.  
 spinners (=spiders), 144.  
 stars (metonymy), 175.  
 stole (=stolen), 177.  
 summers (=years), 151.  
 superlative (with two objects), 150.  
 tapestry, 5, 149.  
 temerity, 106, 130.  
 Tennyson, Alfred, 150.  
 tester (=sixpence), 30, 157.  
 these presents, 172.  
 Theseus (pronunciation), 159.  
 thornies, 3.  
 thorough (=through), 78, 168.  
 thousand (figure), 166.  
 threepence, silver, 154.  
 Thunstone, King, 155.  
 tilts, 20.  
 tinker, travelling, 154.  
 Titania, 160.  
 toothsome, 122.  
 tournaments, 20.  
 tranced, 13.  
 tricksy, 111, 177.  
 trochaic metre, 145, 167.  
 troth, 161.  
 twenty-foot pole, 173.  
 umbrageous, 90.  
 uncommon (adverb), 154.  
 unctuous, 31.  
 use (=be accustomed), 157.  
*vale* (Latin), 52, 165.  
 verse, 145.  
 Vesuvius, 112.  
 viceroy, 59.  
 virtuous (=powerful), 148.  
 wand (fairy), 166.  
 ware (=beware of), 49.  
 wasted (=spent), 30.  
 weed (=robe), 161.  
 welkin, 49, 109, 175.  
 wend me, 50.  
 whippoorwill, 176.  
 whirry, 50.  
 whist (=hushed), 110, 176.  
 White Ladies, 170.  
 who (omitted), 161.  
 who (=which), 149, 164, 167, 168, 176.  
 wind (rhyme), 170.  
 windfall, 178.  
 winters (=years), 151.  
 wires (=cage), 151.  
 wiseacre, 166.  
 with (=by), 144.  
 wood-tick, 110, 176.  
 woof, 78.  
 wreathed (=spiral), 112.



INNER COURT OF THE GRAMMAR-SCHOOL, STRATFORD (page 167).

# ENGLISH CLASSICS.

EDITED BY WM. J. ROLFE, A.M.

Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 56 cents per vol.; Paper, 40 cents per vol.

---

## SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS:

The Merchant of Venice.—The Tempest.—King Henry the Eighth.—Julius Cæsar.—King Richard the Second.—Othello.—Macbeth.—Romeo and Juliet.—A Midsummer-Night's Dream.—King Richard the Third.—King Henry the Fifth.—Hamlet.—As You Like It.—Much Ado About Nothing.—Twelfth Night.—The Winter's Tale.—King John.—King Henry the Fourth. Part I.—King Henry the Fourth. Part II.—King Lear.—The Taming of the Shrew.—All's Well that Ends Well.—Coriolanus.—The Comedy of Errors.—Cymbeline.—Anthony and Cleopatra.—Measure for Measure.—Merry Wives of Windsor.—Love's Labour's Lost.—Two Gentlemen of Verona.—Timon of Athens.—Troilus and Cressida.—King Henry the Sixth. Part I.—King Henry the Sixth. Part II.—King Henry the Sixth. Part III.—Pericles, Prince of Tyre.—The Two Noble Kinsmen.—Poems.—Sonnets.—Titus Andronicus.

GOLDSMITH'S SELECT POEMS.

GRAY'S SELECT POEMS.

ROBERT BROWNING'S A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCH-EON, AND OTHER DRAMAS.

ROBERT BROWNING'S SELECT POEMS.

MILTON'S MINOR POEMS.

MACAULAY'S LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

---

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

 Any of the above works will be sent by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Canada, on receipt of the price.

## ROLFE'S ENGLISH CLASSICS.

### ADDITIONAL VOLUMES.

Browning's Select Dramas (¹)	248	pages.
Browning's Select Poems (²)	200	"
Oliver Goldsmith's Select Poems (³)	144	"
Thomas Gray's Select Poems (⁴)	144	"
John Milton's Minor Poems (⁵)	230	"
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome (⁶)	200	"
Wordsworth's Select Poems. (In Preparation.)		

Price per volume, Cloth, 56 cents; Introduction, 47 cents.

(¹) BROWNING'S BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON, AND OTHER DRAMAS. This volume, edited by Mr. Rolfe and Miss Hersey, contains A BLOT IN THE 'SCUTCHEON, COLOMBE'S BIRTHDAY, and A SOUL'S TRAGEDY. It is prefaced by a long and valuable Introduction, and supplemented by many pages of elaborate Notes, and has the advantage of an interesting letter from Mr. Lawrence Barrett upon the production, under his management, in Washington and other cities in the United States, of the drama which gives its title to the book.

A volume invaluable to the Browning student.—*Boston Traveller*.  
The editorial work in this volume is quite equal to any that Mr. Rolfe has done, and this, indeed, is high praise.—*Chicago Herald*.

(²) SELECT POEMS OF ROBERT BROWNING. This volume contains HERVÉ RIEL, CLIVE, HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX, THE LOST LEADER, THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB AT ST. PRAXED'S CHURCH, RABBI BEN EZRA, BEN KARSHOOK'S WISDOM, "CHILDE ROLAND TO THE DARK TOWER CAME," THE BOY AND THE ANGEL, TWO CAMELS, YOUTH AND ART, SONG, MAY AND DEATH, MY STAR, ONE WORD MORE, PROSPICE, INVOCATION, A WALL, PRELUDE TO DRAMATIC IDYLS, and the drama of PIPPA PASSES. The Introduction includes a brief sketch of the life of Browning, a chronological table of his works, a list of the books most useful in

## ROLFE'S ENGLISH CLASSICS.

the study of Browning, and carefully selected criticism by Swinburne, Dowden, Lowell, Morley, Ruskin, Furnivall, and others.

It contains a score of characteristic poems, to which the notes are particularly thorough and complete.—*San Francisco Argonaut*.

The selections are designed to give as wide a variety as possible to the poet's different moods and methods.—*New York World*.

The volume is a good first book in Browning, and it has the additional merit of being convenient in size. It is eminently suitable for use in schools and private classes.—*Beacon, Boston*.

(3) **SELECT POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH.** This volume contains **THE TRAVELLER**, **THE DESERTED VILLAGE**, and **RETALIATION**, with an Introduction and copious critical and explanatory Notes. The Introduction includes Macaulay's Biography of Goldsmith (from the "Encyclopædia Britannica"), with selections from memoirs of the poet by Thackeray, George Colman the Younger, Campbell, Forster, and Irving. The engravings are mainly from the elegant edition illustrated by the London Etching Club.

The edition of Goldsmith is indeed a gem. The poems, always beautiful to me, have taken on a new freshness and beauty in their present attractive dress.—*W. S. PERRY, Supt. of Schools, Ann Arbor, Mich.*

I shall add Rolfe's Goldsmith to the list of works on English literature to be studied in this school. I cordially recommend it to my fellow-teachers.—*D. B. HAGAR, Prin. of State Normal School, Salem, Mass.*

I know nothing better adapted than Rolfe's Goldsmith to the wants of high-school classes in English literature.—*C. A. HUTCHINS, Supt. of Schools, Fond du Lac, Wis.*

(4) **SELECT POEMS OF THOMAS GRAY.** This volume (revised in 1886) contains the **ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD**, with the Odes **ON THE SPRING**, **ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE CAT**, **ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE**, **THE PROGRESS OF POESY**, **THE BARD**, and **TO ADVERSITY**, with the history of each poem and copious notes. The Introduction includes The Life of Gray by Robert Carruthers (from the "Encyclopædia Britannica") and William Howitt's description of Stoke-Pogis (from the "Homes and Haunts of the

*ROLFE'S ENGLISH CLASSICS.*

British Poets"). The illustrations are chiefly from Birket Foster and the Hon. Mrs. Boyle ("E. V. B.")

An elegant and scholarly little volume.—*N. Y. Christian Intelligencer.*

Mr. Rolfe's rare abilities as a teacher and his fine scholarly tastes enable him to prepare a classic like this in the best manner for school use.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Mr. Rolfe has done his work in a manner that comes as near to perfection as man can approach. He knows his subject so well that he is competent to instruct all in it; and readers will find an immense amount of knowledge in his elegant volume, all set forth in the most admirable order and breathing the most liberal and enlightened spirit, he being a warm appreciator of the divinity of genius.—*Boston Traveller.*

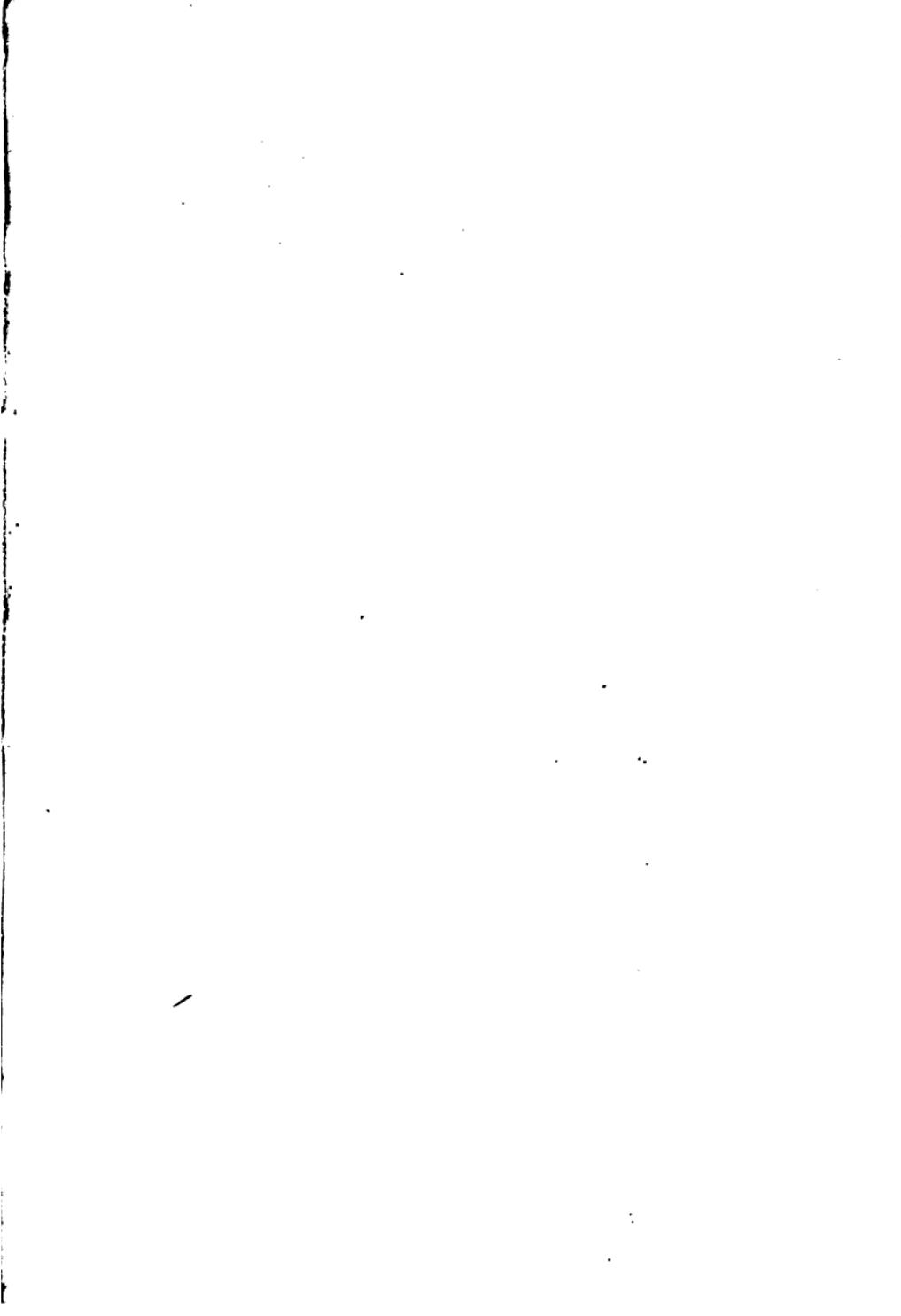
(\*) THE MINOR POEMS OF JOHN MILTON. This volume contains all the minor poems of Milton except his "translations," with biographical and critical introductions and nearly one hundred pages of historical, explanatory, and illustrative notes. It is edited in the same thorough and scholarly manner as the Shakespeare and other volumes of the series.

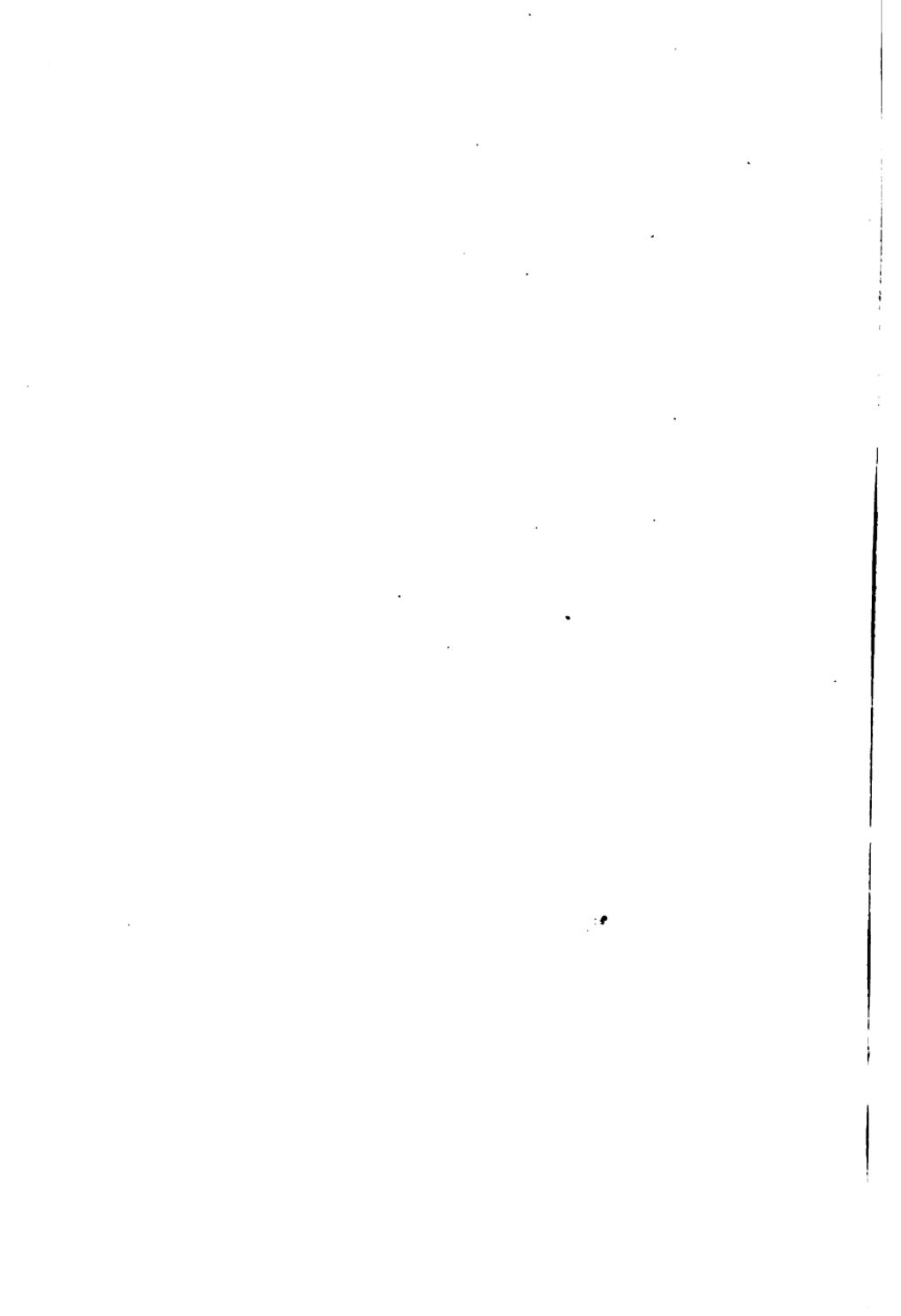
The notes are full, carefully constructed, and based upon the best authorities.—*Louisville Post.*

The work of editing and supplying notes has been done with that accomplished wisdom which long has been associated with Professor Rolfe's work, and the volume is a pleasant addition to its admirable series.—*Congregationalist and Boston Recorder.*

(\*) THE LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME. By THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY. Edited, with Notes, by WILLIAM J. ROLFE, A.M., Litt.D., and JOHN C. ROLFE, Ph.D. This work contains HORATIUS, THE BATTLE OF LAKE REGILLUS, VIRGINIA, and THE PROPHECY OF CAPYS. The Introduction includes, besides the Author's Preface, JOHN STUART MILL's review and Professor HENRY MORLEY's Introduction to the LAYS.

I am amazed at the quantity and charmed by the quality and the pertinence of classical learning which you have contrived not to stow away, but to make interesting and available in this little volume. . . . I have been disposed to use the terms *good*, then *better*, and *better still* of your successive works; but I trust that it will remain for those who survive me to crown the last with the superlative *best*.—A. P. PEABODY, *Professor in Harvard University.*









APR 23 1893

FEB 5 1893

JAN 5 1893

2244

APR 10 1893

SEP 6 1893

APR 14 1894

April 30 1894

May 31 1894

BOOK DUE WID  
G502550  
AUG 27 1979

1979

CARTESIEN  
STUDY  
CHARGE

25227.28

Fairy tales in prose and verse,  
Widener Library 003546884



3 2044 089 049 118